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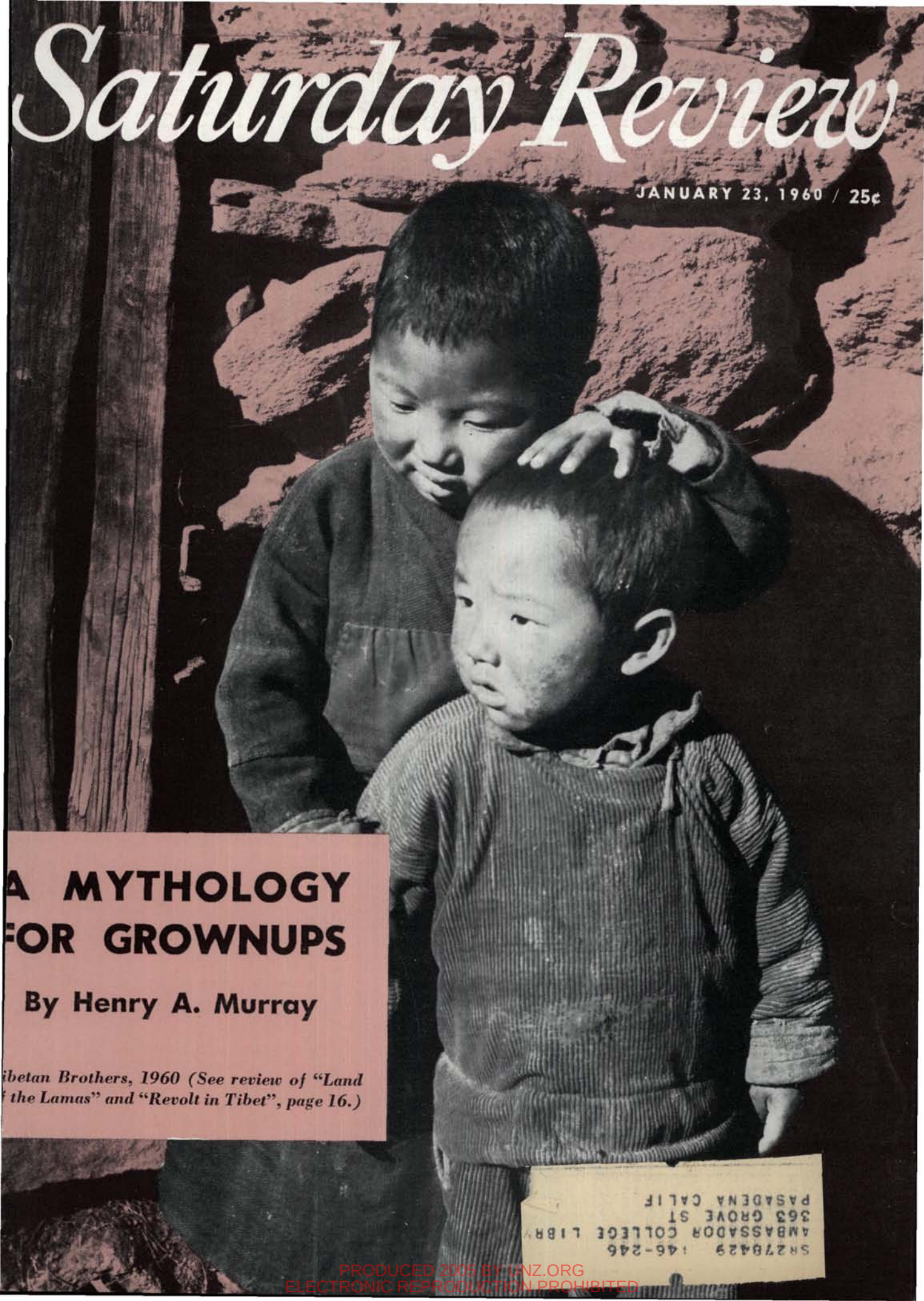

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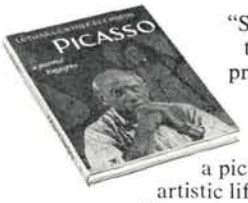

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TRADE Winds

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McGinnis is the editor of a weekly sheet entitled *Comedy and Comment*, which contains lots of jokes, quips, and stories of varying length and hilarity. He compiles it by reading everything he can get his hands on and by listening carefully to jokes at parties. For instance:

"Revised definition of friends: two women who are mad at the same person."

Or, the story about the pink elephant, green kangaroo, and two purple snakes who went into a tavern and glanced at the clock as they sat at the bar. "You're a little early, boys," said the bartender. "He ain't here yet."

MACK McGINNIS is now getting a patent on his "Dial-A-Smile," by which he supplies a business concern's customers with jokes and commercials via telephone calls. Just as some firms use time and weather information for ad props, so they could use jokes. I am not sure exactly how it works in Indianapolis, where the scheme is now in operation. This, however, is the kind of joke which, according to McGinnis's plan, will flow around town over the telephone wires:

All evening long Captain Hercules Vinegar and three other card players had been pestered by an obnoxious kibitzer. "Look," said the Captain when the kibitzer had left the room briefly, "let's make up a game nobody ever heard of and shut him up."

The kibitzer returned. The dealer tore two cards in half and gave one piece to the man on his left and the other to Vinegar. He tore the corners off three cards and gave them to the man opposite, throwing the rest of the three cards over his shoulder. Then he tore five cards in quarters, gave fifteen pieces to the man on his right, two pieces to the man on his left, and kept three. The dealer looked at his hand.

"I have a gidget," he said. "I'll bet a dollar."

"I've got a snazzle," Vinegar said. "I raise you a dollar."

The third man folded, but the fourth cried, "I've got a mingle. I'll raise you $10."

"You're crazy," the kibitzer yelled. "You're never going to beat a gidget and a snazzle with a lousy mingle!"

IN NORFOLK, Virginia, Mrs. Grace Moser was driving her two grandchildren to Sunday school when, she tells me, their sweet childish voices broke into song. It was "Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Killer," and these were the words:

Rudolph, the red-nosed killer,
Had a very shiny gun,
And if you ever saw it
You'd turn around and run.
All the other killers
Used to laugh and call him names;
They wouldn't let poor Rudolph
Join in any poker games.
Then one foggy Christmas night
The sheriff came to say,
"Rudolph, with your gun so bright,
Won't you shoot my wife tonight?"
Then all the other killers
Shouted out and laughed with glee,
"Rudolph, you red-nosed killer,
You'll go to the penitentiary."

AT LAST those of us who have never been to San Francisco can find out what it's all about. Two San Franciscans, no more chauvinistic than any of them, have put out a nifty little picture and text book for a dollar called "The Cable Cars of San Francisco" (Howell-North). Phil Palmer took the pictures and his young son Mike wrote the text.

They dug into the history of the cars and wandered below ground through eerie tunnels and back and forth above ground on the only two lines left, compiling a delightfully informative book on the subject. The photographs are striking. The details of the workings that make the cable cars go are just fascinating.

ARE YOU INTERESTED in figures? Since 1942, when Golden Books began to be published, they have sold 600,000,000 copies. In 1959 there will have been 80,000,000 juveniles sold to a population of 30,000,000 children, about half of them in the higher-priced category —more than one dollar a copy.

Over 125 Little Golden Books have topped one million copies each, with the famous "Pokey Little Puppy" heading the list, I suppose. In the more expensive line, there are six titles which have hit the magic million. I guess "The Golden Egg Book" is the best of these. There's a simplicity and charm to the children's books put out by Golden Press which probably appeals strongly to the people who buy books for kids. Price and distribution have a lot to do with it, of course. Some of the newer volumes which stand out in my mind are "The Golden Book of the American Revolution," "The Fairy Tale Book," "The Golden Anniversary Book of Scouting," and "The Golden Treasury of Poetry."

One puzzle in this field that they tell me hasn't been solved: why do children stop reading books at the age of thirteen?

DURING A MILD controversy in the motion picture business a couple of weeks ago, the titles of some recent movies produced by American International Pictures were noted, such as these. Try to think of them in terms of double features—it's more fun:

"The Brain Eaters"
"The Cool and the Crazy"
"Dragstrip Riot"
"How to Make a Monster"
"Night of the Blood Beast"
"Operation Dames"
"The Screaming Skull"
"She-Gods of Shark Reef"
"Teenage Caveman"

I GAVE "A Medicine for Melancholy," by Ray Bradbury, to Barbara Wilson, 17, on the condition that she write me a book review, which I present herewith. I think it is a fine book review.

"The book certainly fulfills its purpose. How subtle Mr. Bradbury is at poking fun at today's society. His medium of expression in the color of fantasy leaves me, the awesome teenager, in a state of mute horror. After each anecdote I lie back and clutch the book to my throbbing heart. It is really quite a collection, and several people have asked to read it.

"Do you remember the story en-

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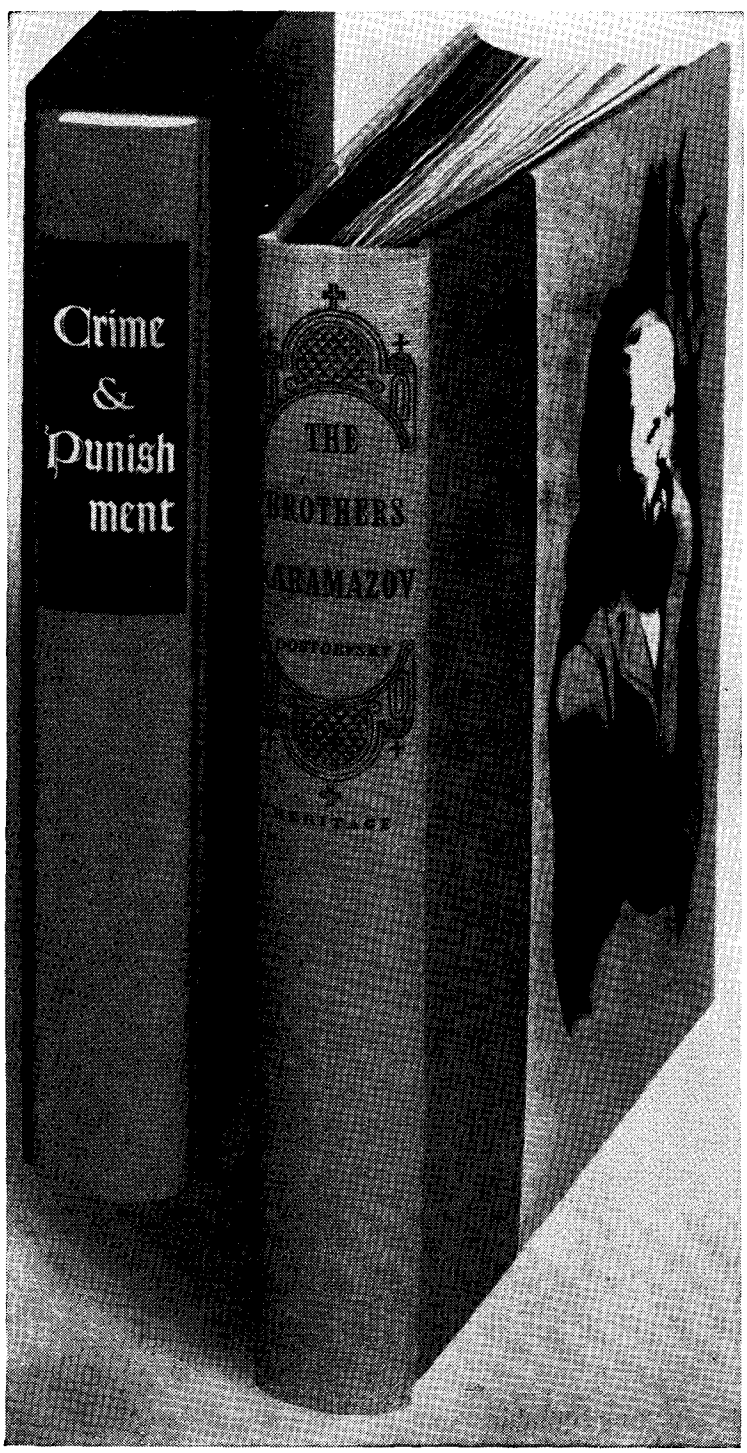

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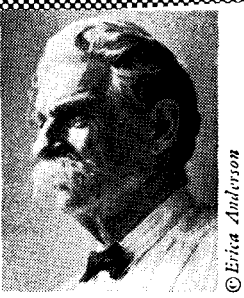

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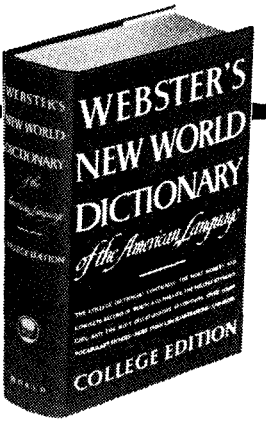

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titled 'A Scent of Sarsaparilla'? It was sad to think that the wife should outgrow her feeling for play. Her husband was so young at heart, as he recalled the fun days of his youth. The old raccoon coat, and the fireworks, and here his wrinkled wife sat, embittered in the gases of her kitchen.

"I read a line once saying that people should not be literal, but should cultivate a sense of the ridiculous. I may just be another groping adolescent, probing for new off-beat ideas, but I think everyone would be happier if they let their imagination spin cartwheels once in a while."

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—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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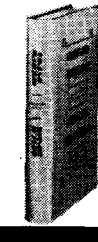

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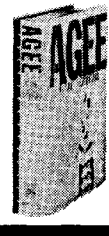

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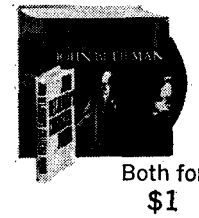

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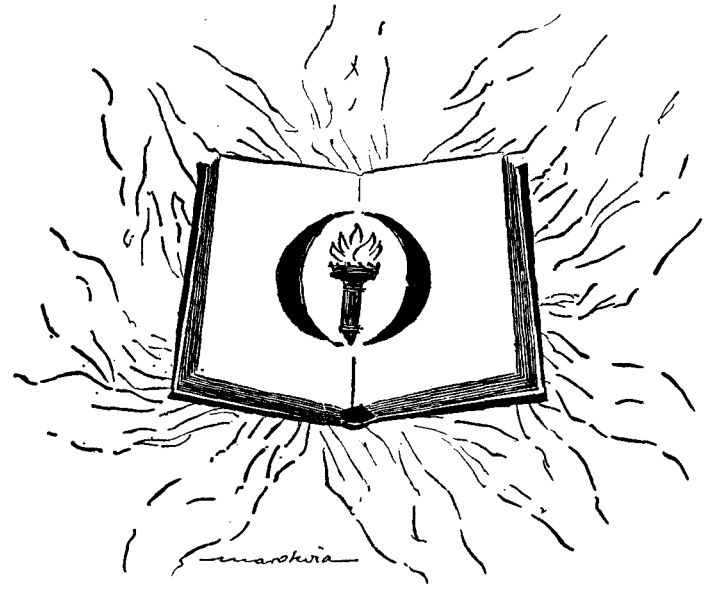
Saturday Review

JANUARY 23, 1960

A MYTHOLOGY FOR GROWNUPS



By HENRY A. MURRAY, *professor of clinical psychology at Harvard University.*

WE ARE ALL familiar with the symptoms of distress, alienation, and resentment burdening certain of the more articulate members of the population, the Ishmaels of our time. But what is the underlying meaning of this great flood of discontent?

One pertinent answer comes from Emerson: "We grant that human life is mean, but how did we find out that it was mean? What is the ground of this uneasiness of ours, of this old discontent? What is the universal sense of want and ignorance but the *fine innuendo by which the soul makes its enormous claim.*" Yes, surely, "its enormous claim"—in the very midst of this American paradise of material prosperity.

The enormous claim of the sensitive, alienated portions of our society—artists, would-be artists, and their followers—comes from want of a kindling and heartening mythology to feel, think, live, and write by. Our eyes and ears are incessantly bombarded by a mythology which breeds greed, envy, pride, lust, and violence, the mythology of our mass media. But a mythology that is sufficient to the claim of head and heart is as absent from the American scene as symbolism is absent from the new, straight-edged, bare-faced, glass buildings of New York.

An emotional deficiency disease, a paralysis of the creative imagination, an addiction to superficials—this is the diagnosis I would offer to account for the greater part of the widespread desperation of our time. Paralysis of the imagination, I suspect, would also account, in part, for the fact that the great majority of us, wedded to comfort so long as we both shall live, are turning our eyes away from the one thing we should be looking at: the possibility or probability of co-extermination.

IN his famous speech of acceptance upon the award of the Nobel Prize for literature, the late Albert Camus declared as follows: "Probably every generation sees itself as charged with remaking the world. Mine, however, knows that it will not remake the world. But its task is perhaps even greater, for it consists in keeping the world from destroying itself."

Most of this generation, however, is as sick of being warned of its proximity to hell as were the members of Jonathan Edwards's congregation more than 200 years ago. How

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does Camus imagine that a league of artists and philosophers could possibly prevent the destruction of the world? The nearest that he comes to telling us is when he states that his "generation knows that, in a sort of mad race against time, it ought to reestablish among nations a peace not based on slavery, to reconcile labor and culture again, and to reconstruct with all men an Ark of the Covenant." These words —"re-establish," "reconcile," "reconstruct"—suggest that in his mind the prevention of destruction does, in fact, call for a remaking of the world, the building of a new Ark of the Covenant as a basis for re-union.

Here, reason might lead us to infer that Camus was thinking of the institution of world government, which scores of enlightened men from Woodrow Wilson to Bertrand Russell have insisted is the only rational answer to global, social chaos, a central government being the sole means that man has ever found of securing and maintaining order. But framing a constitution for world government was not in line with the special genius of Camus, and, furthermore, it is apparent that the concept of world government, though absolutely necessary, is gaining little popular or Federal support. Sanity is overmatched: deep, blind, primitive compulsions which by-pass consciousness are towing us with a cable we have no knife to cut and driving us nearer and nearer to the verge of death.

AT such a time, when hidden passions are deciding things, a legal scheme, no matter how logical, is not a magnet that attracts large numbers of men and women: it chills them, leaves them frigid, uninvolved. Nor, at such a time, could something like Plato's plan for a Republic guided by philosophers arouse enthusiasm. But when Plato, envious of Homer's enormous influence in Greece, banished poets and myth-makers from his Republic, he deprived it of the springs of charismatic power, and so, when it came to a showdown with the masses, his beautifully reasoned books were plowed under by the passionate myths and images of the poet-authors of the Bible. The Bible proved to be *the* fitting book not only for that century but for many centuries to come. It seems highly significant to me that Camus, a firm opponent of the theism of Judaeo-Christianity, should have reached into the fathomless well of the Old Testament to gain a potent image for his hope—the Ark of the Covenant. It is there, among those images, that one can find the molds that shaped the deepest passions of the Western world, including Russia.

At this juncture I submit a micro-sketch of a hypothetical book that I would write if I had been vouchsafed the necessary genius and resources. This hypothetical book would also be a sketch, though a far larger and more detailed sketch, of a book to be composed by other authors, a super-personal book, a book of books, that might be termed a testament, a world testament.

I should warn you that this imagined testament for a new age will carry us beyond the mythology of dependent and compliant childhood and of the dependent childhood of our society in colonial days (that is, the authoritarian father-son mythology of the religion we inherited), and also beyond the mythology of adolescence as well as of the adolescence of our nation—the mythology of protest, rebellion, independence, rugged individualism. Both of these mythologies are still operative. In fact, the mythology of adolescence, stressing freedom without qualifications or conditions, constitutes our national religion. In looking forward to a future that has moved beyond these idealisms of today and yesterday, I am not forsaking them. There is a helpless, suffering child and a frustrated, rebellious adolescent in every one of us, and always will be. I would say there is a time and place for authority and the founding of character, and there is a time and place for liberation from authority and the development and expression of a self-reliant personality. But, as I see the human situation, we are in need of a mythology of adulthood, something that is conspicuous for its absence in Western literature, a mythology of interdependence and creation, not only on the level of imaginative love, marriage, and the forming of a family, but on other levels, especially that of imaginative international reciprocities. Have we not pretty nearly reached the age when we can well afford to go beyond the glorification of vanity, pride, and egotism, both individual and national?

To return to my sketch of a sketch. The essential features of the testament would be roughly these: It would be the product of the interdependent judgments and imaginations of numerous composers, drawn from different cultures and from different callings. The initial task of these presumably creative and judicious thinkers would be to select from the vast libraries of the world, arrange, and edit whatever past and present writings in poetry or prose were suitable to the appointed purpose. Except for more abundant stores from which to draw their substance, a larger scope and longer span of time, these testament-makers would proceed, we may suppose, as did the compilers and editors of the canonical and non-canonical books of the Bible. They would certainly profit by the example of those forerunners. Like the Old Testament, this new one would contain numerous variations of subject matter and of style: narratives, historical and biographical works, stories, parables, legends and myths, songs and poems, psalms of praise, codes and ordinances, premonitions and philosophical reflections.

MOST difficult for the testament-makers would be the task of loosely integrating, as in the Bible, the selected parts in terms of a philosophy of social evolution—cycles of creation, conservation, decay, or induration—tending, in the long run, toward the fulfillment of that dream of human fellowship which centuries of deep and loving people have recommended to our hearts.

This testament would differ radically from the Bible inasmuch as its mythology would be consonant with contemporary science: its personifications would all refer to forces and functions *within* nature, human nature.

Also, it would differ radically from previous testaments of the Near East and West—the Bible, the Koran, and the testament of Karl Marx—by describing and praising, with even-handed justice, forms of excellence achieved by each and every culture. There would

"A religion is propagated by the alchemy of the aesthetic imagination, in striking parables and metaphors that solace, cheer, or channel our profoundest feelings. A code of morals, on the other hand, can appeal only to our intellects and to a few of our more shallow sentiments."—H.A.M.

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be no bowing to special claims, made by any single collectivity, of unique superiority, of divine election, of infallible truth, of salvation for its members and damnation for all others. There would be no ovation for the apocalyptic myth, either in its ancient form—Persian or Judaeo-Christian—or in its modern Communistic form: the myth of the inevitable and final Great Encounter between the all-good and the all-evil, resulting in an eternity of bliss for chosen saints or comrades, and death or everlasting torments for the enemy. There would certainly be no acceptance of the need for inquisitions, persecutions, brainwashings, or concentration camps.

In a sense, the world testament would be a parable, a parable of parables, expressive of the universal need for peace, for interdependence, for fruitful reciprocations among those manifold units of mankind which are still proud and quarrelsome, still locked in clenched antagonisms. Its symbolisms would commemorate on all levels the settlement of hostilities between opposites, their synthesis or creative union: man and nature, male and female, reason and passion, understanding and imagination, enjoyable means and enjoyable ends, science and art, management and labor, West and East. Its ultimate, ethical ideal would be the resolution of differences through mutual embracement and subsequent transformation. In the words of Henry James, Sr., "It is no doubt very tolerable finite or creaturely love to love one's own in another, to love another for his conformity to one's self: but nothing can be in more flagrant contrast with the creative Love, all whose tenderness *ex vi termini* must be reserved only for what intrinsically is most bitterly hostile and negative to itself." In the judgment of America's most profound philosopher, Charles S. Pierce, this sublime sentence "discloses for the problem of evil its everlasting solution."

FINALLY, in contrast to the unrelieved sociological language of the outmoded testament of Marx, this world testament, heir to the secret of the Bible's everlasting magic, would consist in its best parts of moving and revealing poetic passages. Some devout Christians overlook the fact that the stirring and sustaining influence of the book they dream and live by depends on the marvelous words, the vivid imagery and figures of speech with which its wisdom is transmitted. This is one of the chief qualities by which a religion can be distinguished from a moral philosophy or system of ethics. If the New Testament, for example, had been written by a modern social scientist in the jargon of his profession it would have died at birth, and Mithraism, or Manichaeanism, or Mohammedanism would have taken possession of the European mind. A religion is propagated by the alchemy of the aesthetic imagination, in striking parables and metaphors that solace, cheer, or channel our profoundest feelings. A code of morals, on the other hand, can appeal only to our intellects and to a few of our more shallow sentiments.

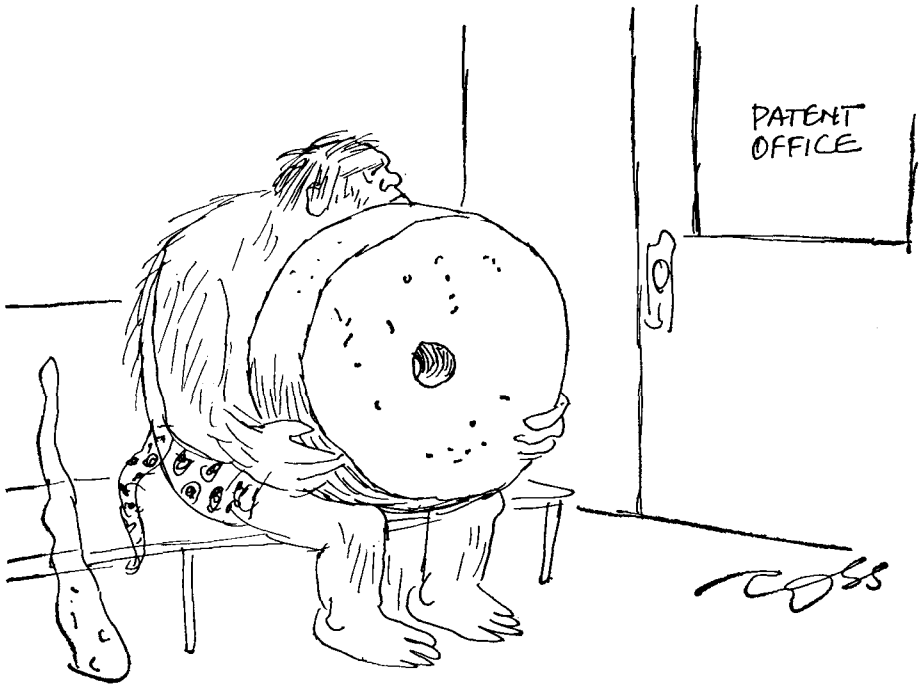
If, perchance, a world testament with the mythic qualities I have mentioned became an invitation to the feelings and thoughts of men and women, it would gain this influence only through its power to enchant, charm, clarify, edify, and nourish. There would be no agents of sovereign authority with threatened penalties to enforce compliance, and, in contrast to the testaments of our established churches, it would be always susceptible to revisions, additions, and subtractions.

Everybody, I assume—especially on reaching the accepted age for the retirement of his brain—is entitled to a dream, and this is mine, heretical at certain points, but not so visionary as it sounds. Works of the magnitude of this imagined testament have been composed in the past, notably in India. Much of what is needed has been in printed form for years. Ample energy and genius is available—literary critics, historians, social scientists, philosophers, and poets – in different quarters of the globe. Enough money for the effort is in the hands of men who are aware of humanity's dire strait. A provisional first edition of the testament would not be very long in coming. Translated into all languages it might turn out to be the book this age is waiting for.

A war that no one wants, an utterly disgraceful end to man's long experiment on earth, is a possibility we are facing every day. Events are hanging by a thread, depending on an accident, on some finger on a trigger, on a game of wits and tricks, of pride and saving faces. But ours is no momentary problem to be solved by this or that practical expedient. Does a mature nation sacrifice the future for the present? The day will come when small countries will possess enough lethal energy to eliminate a large country. Does a mature nation have the arrogance to believe that it can buy with dollars the permanent good will and loyalty of other peoples? Has our government a long-time perspective, a philosophy of history, a world view to guide its day-by-day and year-by-year decisions? If so, only a few of us have heard of it.

Many times in the past, the direction of events has been affected by the publication of a single book. At the very least, the composition of this testament would constitute a brave, far-seeing try —no vulgar try—to kindle a little veritable light in a black world.

The one conversion requisite for those who would lose themselves in this demanding enterprise was long ago described in two famous, pithy sentences by the stubborn American patriot William Lloyd Garrison: "My country is the world. My countrymen are all mankind."



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WHAT EVERY YALE FRESHMAN SHOULD KNOW

By EDMUND S. MORGAN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following talk was presented to this year's freshman class at Yale University. Dr. Morgan is a professor of history at Yale.*

THE WORLD does not much like curiosity. The world says that curiosity killed the cat. The world dismisses curiosity by calling it idle, or *mere* idle, curiosity—even though curious persons are seldom idle. Parents do their best to extinguish curiosity in their children, because it makes life difficult to be faced every day with a string of unanswerable questions about what makes fire hot or why grass grows, or to have to halt junior's investigations before they end in explosion and sudden death. Children whose curiosity survives parental discipline and who manage to grow up before they blow up are invited to join the Yale faculty. Within the university they go on asking their questions and trying to find the answers. In the eyes of a scholar, that is mainly what a university is for. It is a place where the world's hostility to curiosity can be defied.

Some of the questions that scholars ask seem to the world to be scarcely worth asking, let alone answering. They ask about the behavior of protons, the dating of a Roman coin, the structure of a poem. They ask questions too minute and specialized for you and me to understand without years of explanation.

If the world inquires of one of them why he wants to know the answer to a particular question, he may say, especially if he is a scientist, that the answer will in some obscure way make possible a new machine or weapon or gadget. He talks that way because he knows that the world understands and respects utility and that it does not understand much else. But to his colleagues and to you he will probably not speak this language. You are now part of the university, and he will expect you to understand that he wants to know the answer simply because he does not know it, the way a mountain climber wants to climb a mountain simply because it is there.

Similarly a historian, when asked by outsiders why he studies history, may come out with a line of talk that he has learned to repeat on such occasions, something about knowledge of the past making it possible to understand the present and mold the future. I am sure you have all heard it at one time or another. But if you really want to know why a historian studies the past, the answer is much simpler: he wants to know about it because it is there. Something happened, and he would like to know what.

All this does not mean that the answers which scholars find to their questions have no consequences. They may have enormous consequences; they may completely alter the character of human life. But the consequences seldom form the reason for asking the questions or pursuing the answers. It is true that scholars can be put to work answering questions for the sake of the consequences, as thousands are working now, for example, in search of a cure for cancer. But this is not the primary function of the scholar. For the scholar the consequences are usually incidental to the satisfaction of curiosity. Even for the medical scholar, the desire to stamp out a dreaded disease may be a less powerful motive than the desire to find out about the nature of living matter. Similarly Einstein did not wish to create an atomic bomb or to harness atomic energy. He simply wanted to find out about energy and matter.

I said that curiosity was a dangerous quality. It is dangerous not only because of incidental effects like the atomic bomb but also because it is really nothing more or less than a desire for truth. For some reason this phrase sounds less dangerous than curiosity. In fact, the desire for truth sounds rather respectable. Since so many respectable people assure us that they have found the truth, it does not sound like a dangerous thing to look for. But it is. The search for it has again and again overturned institutions and beliefs of long standing, in science, in religion, and in politics. It is easy enough to see today that these past revolutions brought great benefits to mankind. It was less easy to see the benefits while the revolutions were taking place, especially if you happened to be quite satisfied with the way things were before. Similarly it is not always easy today to see that the satisfaction of a scholar's curiosity is worth the disruption of society that may result from it. The search for truth is, and always has been, a subversive activity. And scholars have learned that they cannot engage in it without an occasional fight.

You may therefore find them rather belligerent toward any threat to the free pursuit of curiosity. They are wary of committing themselves to institutions or beliefs that might impose limitations on them or deliver ready-made answers to their questions. You will find them suspicious of loyalty oaths, religious creeds, or affiliations with political parties. In particular they will try to preserve their university as a sanctuary within whose walls *any* question can be asked.

THIS wariness of commitment can sometimes degenerate into a scholarly vice, a vice that paralyzes curiosity instead of preserving it. A scholar at his worst sometimes seems to be simply a man who cannot make up his mind. Every classroom from here to Melbourne has echoed with the feeble phrases of academic indecision: "There are two schools of thought on this question, and the truth probably lies halfway between them." When you hear this sentence repeated, or when you are tempted to repeat it yourself, remember that the truth may lie between two extremes, but it assuredly does not lie halfway between right and wrong. Don't short-circuit your curiosity by assuming you have found the answer when you have only made a tidy list of possible answers.

Dedication to curiosity should not end in indecision. It should, in fact, mean willingness to follow the mind into difficult decisions.

A second quality that makes a scholar has no apparent relation to the first and yet is inseparably connected to it. It is a compulsion to communicate. A scholar is driven by a force as strong as his curiosity, that compels him to tell the world the things he has

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learned. He cannot rest with learning something: he has to tell about it. Scholarship begins in curiosity, but it ends in communication. And though scholars may in a university take refuge from the world, they also acknowledge responsibility to the world, the responsibility to communicate freely and fully everything that they discover within the walls of their sanctuary. The search for truth needs no justification, and when a man thinks he has found any part of it, he cannot and ought not to be silent. The world may sometimes not care to listen, but the scholar must keep telling it until he has succeeded in communicating.

Now, there are only two methods of communication for scholars, writing and speaking. The scholar publishes his discoveries in books and articles and he teaches them in the classroom. Sometimes one or the other method will satisfy him, but most of us feel the need for both. The scholar who merely writes books falls into the habit of speaking only to the experts. If he works at his subject long enough, he reaches the position where there is no one else quite expert enough to understand him, and he winds up writing to himself. On the other hand, if he writes not at all, he may become so enamored of his own voice that he ceases to be a scholar and becomes a mere showman.

COMMUNICATION is not merely the desire and the responsibility of the scholar; it is his discipline, the proving ground where he tests his findings against criticism. Without communication his pursuit of truth withers into eccentricity. He necessarily spends much of his time alone, in the library or the laboratory, looking for the answers to his questions. But he needs to be rubbing constantly against other minds. He needs to be tested, probed, and pushed around. He needs to be made to explain himself. Only when he has expressed himself, only when he has communicated his thoughts, can he be sure that he is thinking clearly.

The scholar, in other words, needs company to keep him making sense. And in particular he needs the company of fresh minds, to whom he must explain things from the beginning. He needs people who will challenge him at every step, who will take nothing for granted. He needs, in short, you.

You may have various purposes in coming here, and you may fulfill them: you may play football or tennis or the trombone; you may sing in the glee club, act in plays, and act up on college weekends. But what the faculty expects of you is four years of scholarship, and they will be satisfied with nothing less. For four years we expect you to join us in the pursuit of truth, and we will demand of you the same things we demand of ourselves: curiosity and communication.

Curiosity, of course, is not something you get simply by wishing for it. But it is surprisingly contagious. The curiosity we expect is more than a passing interest. We will not be satisfied by your ability to ask an occasional bright question, nor yet by your assimilation of a lot of predigested information. The accumulation of information is a necessary part of scholarship, and unfortunately the part most likely to be tested on examinations, especially those wretched ones called "objective examinations" where the truth is always supposed to lie in answer space A, B, C, D, or E, but never apparently in X, Y, or Z. But the curiosity we expect of you cannot be satisfied by passing examinations or by memorizing other people's answers to other people's questions. We do not wish to put you through a mere course of mental gymnastics. We want you to be content with nothing less than the whole truth about the subject that interests you. Which means that we want you to be forever discontent with how little you know about it and with how little we know about it. We want you to back us into corners, show us up, make us confess we don't know. Does this sound formidable? It is not. We may tell you what we know with great assurance, but push us and you will find the gaps.

Follow your own minds into the gaps. Follow your minds where curiosity takes them. You will not get the whole truth, not about protons, not about the structure of a poem, not even about a Roman coin. Nobody does. But if you learn anything, it ought to change your minds, and hopefully it will change ours too. It will be a sign that we have both wasted four years if you leave here thinking pretty much the same way that you do now or if you leave us thinking the same way *we* do now.

We expect of you, then, that you will be curious for the truth. We also expect that you communicate whatever truth you find, and that you do it both in speech and in writing. Many people suppose that they know something if they can stammer out an approximation of what they mean in speech. They are mistaken. It is extremely unlikely that you have thought clearly if you cannot express yourself clearly, especially in writing. Writing is more than an instrument of communication. It is an instrument of thought. You should have acquired some competence in its use by now. I suspect from past experience that you have not. But even if you have, you have a great deal more to learn about it. And if you do not know much more about it four years from now, it will again be a sign that we have failed in part of our job, the job of making you communicate clearly.

Communication is a two-way process, and a university is a community of scholars, where questions are asked and the answers communicated, your answers to us, ours to you. For the next four years we will be engaged as scholars together in this community. After the four years are over, most of you will leave Yale, but if our community is a successful one, if we really do communicate with each other, I believe that you will continue to be in some sense scholars, asking new questions, looking for new answers, and communicating them to the world.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

The Creative Spirit in the U.S.

By Granville Hicks

LEON HOWARD, who has written books on Herman Melville, James Russell Lowell, and the Hartford Wits, has addressed himself to an ambitious project in **"Literature and the American Tradition"** (Doubleday, $4.50). The idea occurred to him in the course of his lecturing at various European and Asiatic universities. "Would it be possible," he asked himself, "to write a short history of American literature which would be comprehensive and at the same time analytic enough to seek out those attitudes of mind which controlled the creative imagination and helped shape the country's literature toward a recognizable national character?"

Of the comprehensiveness of the book, although it has only 329 pages, there can be no question. Howard begins with Captain John Smith and ends with Wright Morris, and in between he discusses every major writer America has produced and scores of minor ones. In his first section, which covers the period from 1608 to 1828, he talks about Roger Williams, John Cotton, Thomas Shephard, and many other Puritan worthies, about such figures of the eighteenth century as Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin, John Dickinson and Thomas Paine, and about the men who domesticated romanticism—Joel Barlow and Philip Freneau, Irving and Bryant, and especially Cooper.

His second period is from 1829 to 1867, the Golden Day, and all the expected names are encountered: Poe, Hawthorne, Emerson, Thoreau, Melville, Whitman. In addition there are discussions of Longfellow, Holmes, Alcott, Lowell, Whittier, and Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The third section is thick with names. Howard begins quietly with Emily Dickinson, Sidney Lanier, William Dean Howells, Mark Twain, and Henry James, but soon he is rushing through the local colorists, the naturalists, the muckrakers, the new poets, the sentimentalists, the rebels against the village. Then in an epilogue he looks at some of the socially-conscious novelists of the Thirties, discusses a number of poets, and winds up with Faulkner and Hemingway.

The question one has to ask is whether Howard hasn't been too much concerned with comprehensiveness. He is never perfunctory, never a mere cataloguer; he has read the works he talks about and read them thoughtfully. But in the third section and the epilogue the reader grows dizzy: London, Sinclair, Churchill, Robinson, Frost, Lindsay, Sandburg, for instance, in a dozen pages. Obviously, Howard felt that he must be inclusive in order to be fair. As he remarks in his preface, the canon of literature for the past half century is unsettled, and he did not want to select only writers whose work supported his thesis. Yet it does seem that he might have devised a plan of selection that would have enabled him to deal more adequately with a few writers. The very fact that his comments are so often fresh and authoritative makes it annoying that he does not give himself a chance to develop his insights.

And what is the upshot of all this? Does Howard find a pattern, something that he is willing to call the American tradition? Of course he does or he wouldn't have given the book the title it bears. He finds it in "a belief in the creative power of the human spirit to endure and to prevail and to exist in the meanest and queerest of individuals."

> This [he goes on] is the belief which budded beneath Puritan orthodoxy, found its way through eighteenth-century reason to a Declaration of Independence, transformed the symbols of European literature into something new, and became established as an American tradition which could survive the impact of an almost overwhelming materialism, the disillusionment of false hopes, and the charms of new dogmatisms. Tacit rather than rational in its pervasiveness, its expression has been shaped by so many intellectual contexts that it refuses to become a part of any system of orthodoxy and exists only as a sort of intangible national quality in American literature and an under-the-surface source of that power which contemporary literature – and perhaps America itself—derives from the past.

Certainly this is a belief that has been held in America, but it has also been held elsewhere. I can think of British, French, German, and Russian novels that pay as eloquent tribute to the creative power of the human spirit as anything written in this country. Faith in the individual may have been given a particular form by American conditions, but in its essentials such a faith has inspired a considerable proportion of the world's great literature.

In the second place, Howard himself presents plenty of evidence—and this is to his credit—that American literature is not all of one piece. Some of our great writers have been dogmatists, some have been determinists, some have been pessimists. Jonathan Edwards does not belong to Howard's tradition nor Henry Adams nor Eugene O'Neill. Hawthorne, Poe, and Mark Twain are by no means staunch adherents. Most of the moderns, even Faulkner, whose Nobel Prize speech Howard's statement echoes, are waverers. American literature belongs not to one tradition but to many.

Sometimes a generalization leads to valuable insights even though it is in itself open to question, and up to a point this is true of Howard's conception of the American tradition. It suggests, for instance, a fresh appreciation of Henry James as a quintessential American: "He was devoted to careful observation of the world around him, skilful in drawing inferences, indifferent to the prevailing rationalistic notions of necessity, and convinced that reason was choice and that individuals could freely choose to follow some supreme intellectual light within them." Many writers' values become more apparent when we see them in relation to the particular setting Howard's theories create for them.

On the other hand, his theories do not serve particularly well as an organizing principle for American literature as a whole. Many of the writers he talks about, particularly in the present century, bear no significant relationship to the American tradition as he conceives it. Their achievements seem to have nothing to do with their belief or lack of belief in the creative power of the human spirit. Again it is to Howard's credit that he refuses to force the literary materials with which he is dealing into conformity with a set of ideas, but he cannot complain if the reader remains skeptical about the utility of the ideas.

Howard's integrity, his erudition, and his sensibility are all admirable. So, too, is the boldness of his aim, and yet I cannot help feeling that he tried to do too much. If he had not set out to define *the* American tradition, and had limited himself to those writers he finds congenial, he might have said something very important about *an* American tradition.

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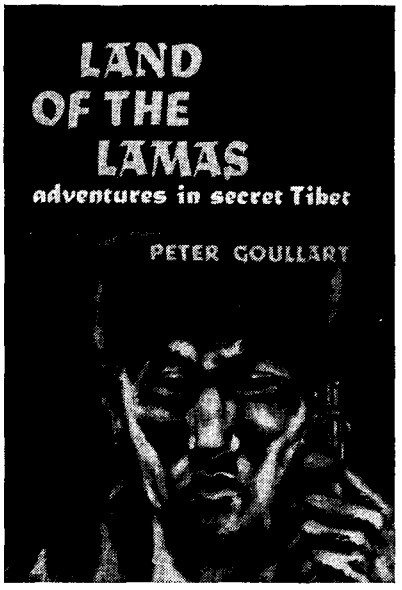
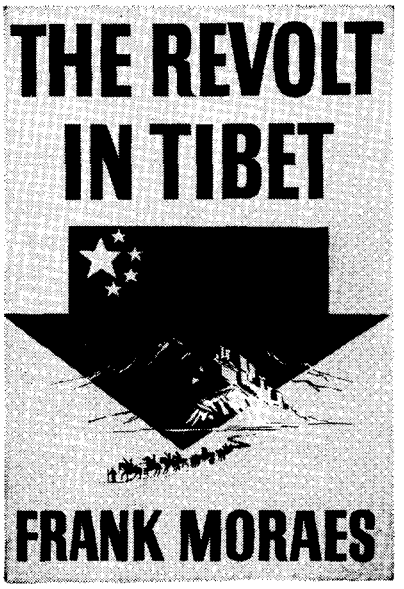
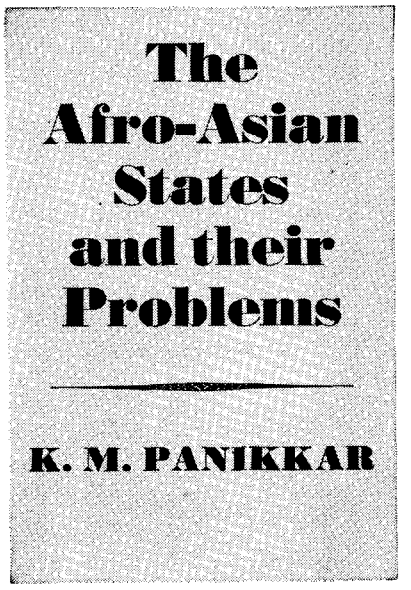
Books in the News







Drama Behind the Himalayas

By C. H. ALEXANDROWICZ, *chairman, Department of International Studies, University of Madras.*

AFTER the occupation of Shanghai by the Japanese, Peter Goullart (in his own words), "suffocating and stagnating in this fetid and cramped international beehive," decided "to get out into the fresh air, into the free and unspoilt China of the West" and into Tibet. In "**Land of the Lamas: Adventures in Secret Tibet**" (Dutton, $4) he says that he had learned the language sufficiently well and had assimilated Chinese etiquette, that he had studied Buddhism and had become a practising Taoist. To his own surprise, he received an appointment with the Chinese industrial cooperatives in the province of Sikang, the eastern portion of the huge Tibetan province of Kham annexed by China. So out he went in October, 1939, as depot master to Tachienlu to spend a few adventurous years on the border regions of China and Tibet.

Mr. Goullart is a most delightful *rapporteur*, and the reader remains spellbound from the first to the last page of this wonderful story of wild mountains and their exotic but highly attractive inhabitants. His wanderings, for example, lead him into the secluded territories of a tribe called the "Lolos," who are in a state of warfare with the Chinese and who, thanks to the inaccessibility of their mountains, maintain a sort of independence from Chinese control and corruption.

Among the superb, unforgettable descriptions in the book is the author's account of his ascent along the mighty Tatu river, and of the Szechuanese Chinese, who move in a long, snakelike procession from the plains into Tibet, carrying piles of tea in special containers tied to wooden carrying frames. Mr. Goullart tells how they arrived exhausted at resting places, where after swallowing a bowl of soup they retired into the back room to smoke opium: "Then they relaxed in oblivion, their parchmentlike faces gleaming in the darkness—and then on they went even at night if there was moonlight."

The wife of a local commander was a "woman tall and rather statuesque in her severe, long black gown. . . . She had a heavy black cane topped with a gold knob as long as a Bishop's crook" and reminded the author of Louis XIV days, when such canes were carried by "the grandes dames and chevaliers of the French Court." When he entered the Lolo paradise he says he "was overcome and prostrated by the vision of this splendour, tears gathering in my eyes at the revelation of God's magic of creation." The magic becomes reality when Mr. Goullart meets a bevy of elegantly dressed Lolo ladies at the crossroads. He describes them as tall and graceful in their ample dark blue, petunia skirts. "They were very handsome with their dark delicate faces, aquiline noses and large lustrous eyes. They stopped and looked at me with great dignity and haughtiness." The author says that they appeared to him like Italian princesses of bygone days.

"The tension was mounting in me as I stood staring at them and then my caution took the upper hand. 'Mesdames,' I said softly stepping aside and bowing." It was a wise thing to do! These black Lolo ladies belonged to an enemy clan. But he is royally received by an old Lolo duchess, of whom her nephew says in perfect French: *"C'est une vrai duchesse si voulez . . . une vieille grande dame."* The author also discovers that the Lolos make delicious wine.

In short, the Lolos in spite of living in primitive surroundings have their peculiar finesse. Closely related to the Tibetans, they want to live undisturbed and unmolested in their own territory, "satisfied with their own way of doing things and requiring but few items from the outside world." Mr. Goullart rightly remarks about them that "they were like many other closely knit communities in Asia and Europe which, though embedded in the body of great states, nevertheless did not want to merge their identity or surrender their

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freedom to govern themselves unless they received very substantial guarantees of their autonomy."

This is exactly what Frank Moraes wishes to convey to us in **"The Revolt in Tibet"** (Macmillan, $4). Tibet, an independent kingdom, came under the suzerainty of the Chinese empire at the end of the seventeenth century. The interest of the Manchu emperors in their new vassal increased with the growing influence of the Dalai Lama as a spiritual authority over Buddhist communities outside Tibet, in Mongolia, Nepal, Bhutan, Sikkim, and India. But the suzerain-vassal relationship between the emperor and the Dalai Lama was one exclusively of Chinese feudal law. Thus when the empire broke down, giving way to Republican China, the feudal relationship snapped and Tibet was on her way to independence. It is true that Tibet never wished to conduct her own foreign relations but left them to the care of the Peking Government. However, her internal autonomy was never questioned by China, which shared her role as protecting state with British India. The latter supported limited Chinese influence in Tibet for keeping Russia out of the Central Asian scene.

The situation changed rapidly after the end of the last war. Communist Russia has no claims in Tibet which could compete with the interests of Communist China. On the other hand, British India disappeared and independent India left Tibet to Chinese influence. These changes were bound to sound the death knell of Tibet. China marched into Tibet in 1950 in flagrant violation of Tibet's autonomy. At first she respected the internal order of Tibet but later proceeded to convert it into a province of China. Hence the revolt in Tibet.

The border incidents on the Chinese-Indian frontier are only the prologue of further events to come. The Chinese are likely to proclaim their own Tibetan government, which will claim all ethnologically Tibetan areas now belonging to India, *i.e.*, Ladhak, Sikkim, Bhutan, and possibly also the Darjeeling area. Once this infiltration starts, the Government of India will have to protest in Peking—but the answer of Communist China will be obvious: this is not the concern of China but a Tibetan affair – their reunification! Thus the Tibetan problem is bound to become an Indian problem, and being an Indian problem it must be the concern of the whole democratic world. Although Mr. Moraes's book helps one to understand the background of this great political drama, it is disappointing that the presentation of details is somewhat confusing and incomplete.

—*P. N. Sharma.*

Frank Moraes—Builds the background.

Which Future for a Colonial Past?

By JOHN S. BADEAU, *president, Near East Foundation.*

WHAT happens to our generation will not be determined so much by the other side of the moon as by the other side of the earth. There, in Africa and Asia, more than three-quarters of a billion people in twenty-one countries have become independent of colonial rule in little more than ten years. What they do with this independence will largely determine the nature of the world in which we all must live.

The difficulty is that these late-born states must compress into a few decades political and economic changes that took the West centuries to accomplish. "Our problem is lack of a speed limit," said one Easterner to the reviewer. "You Americans are held down to sixty miles an hour on your highways—but we are trying to go a century a decade."

The major dimensions of this problem are surveyed in **"The Afro-Asian States and Their Problems"** (John Day, $3), a brief volume by K. M. Panikkar, based upon a series of lectures given at the Sorbonne. His analysis is lucid and penetrating with the particular value of being written from within the situation. Currently Indian Ambassador at Paris and formerly Ambassador to China, the author has been both actor in and observer of the transit of Asia from foreign domination to independence.

His premise is that "the period in which these states recovered their independence and emerged as members of the international community was itself revolutionary in the widest sense and this fact shaped their structure and determined their problems." The revolutionary character of the modern world is found in "a changed concept of community," a "radically altered system of industrial production" and "social changes which make the period before the Second World War look like a forgotten *ancien regime*." Yet the Afro-Asian states face these "without any adequate political and administrative organization, without essential skills and technical equipment, and also without social preparation which could release the energies of the community to deal with the problem of transformation."

There follows a careful analysis of the factors involved in developing democratic governments, modern economics, national education, scientific advance, and social change. The chapter on political structure is particularly illuminating. It is significant (but often overlooked in the West) that "following the acquisition of independence, every state in Africa and Asia (except Libya) became a republic and opted for democracy." With the West itself rent by rival political systems and barely recovered from two decades of Fascist dictatorship, this was indeed an act of faith.

Nevertheless democracy "remains a borrowed ideology whose implications are little understood." To make it work, a series of institutions and traditions must be brought into being for which there is little raw material in the inheritance of the past. The diagnosis of the essentials of democratic government under these circumstances is brilliantly done and provides a frame of reference within which the current retreat from democracy in so many Asian states becomes explicable.

YET this is the basic difficulty with the presentation. Panikkar's detailing of the problem is so perceptive as to be overwhelming. With mass illiteracy, little participation in local affairs, and a tradition of obedience to autocratic authority, it would seem a miracle if Afro-Asian republics do not continue to succumb to strong-man domination. To prevent this, the only suggestion is an optimistic closing paragraph expressing the conviction that "difficulties exist to

(*Continued on page* 37)

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In Imagination Live the Lonely

***"Charley Is My Darling," by Joyce Cary** (Harper. 343 pp. $3.95), written twenty years ago and published here for the first time, tells of children evacuated from wartime London to the Devon countryside and of one particularly obstreperous and endearing little boy. British novelist and critic Walter Allen, the author of "Three Score and Ten" and "The English Novel," is assistant literary editor of The New Statesman.*

By Walter Allen

THIS BOOK was Joyce Cary's one topical novel. Published in England in April, 1940, it stemmed out of events that had occurred as recently as the August of the year before, events that had shocked the conscience of the country even more than the outbreak of war itself.

By August, 1939, only the deliberately blind could fail to recognize that war was inevitable. Expecting the declaration of war to be accompanied by the German bombing of London and the centers of industry, the Government, that month, began the evacuation of mothers and children from the big cities to the remote countryside. In its way it was a revolution, for it forced the middle classes of England, on whom the evacuees were billeted, to realize the truth of what schoolteachers and social workers had been telling them for years: that many city slum children not only suffered from malnutrition but were often verminous and scarcely house-trained into the bargain.

So, on the first page of "Charley Is My Darling," the reader discovers Cary's hero, the fifteen-year-old cockney boy evacuated to Devon, standing forlorn in the farmyard waiting to have his head shaved and his clothes burned because he is, literally, lousy.

All the same, the element of topicality in the book should not be too greatly stressed. It needs no comparison with "Put Out More Flags," Evelyn Waugh's funny, heartless comedy about evacuees and the terror they caused in their reluctant foster parents, to show that; knowledge of Cary and his works is enough. In the Cary canon, "Charley Is My Darling" bridges "Mister Johnson," published in 1939, and "A House of Children," of 1941. Now, it is easy to see with the blessed gift of hindsight, that, having so brilliantly recreated the lives of primitive peoples in his African novels, Cary was bound to go on to recreate the lives of children, and that, having written "Charley Is My Darling," he had to explore those lives in the greater depth and detail of "A House of Children." And the theme of all three, of course, is Cary's single and enduring idea, what he saw as the central fact of man's fate and nature—his condemnation (as Cary put it himself) to freedom, his condemnation to live by his imagination.

—*Pictorial Parade.*

Joyce Cary—Perfect introduction.

THIS, Charley Brown, no less than the Negro clerk Johnson, triumphantly and tragically does. An intelligent slum boy, Charley is alienated from his fellows. Cary emphasizes this both by making him an evacuee from London in the very different surroundings of rural Devon and by inflicting upon him the stigma of a cropped skull, the sign of vermination. But then, Cary's characters are always alienated from their fellows: it is the human lot. As much as any character in Cary's world, Charley suffers, in Dr. Johnson's tremendous phrase, from that "hunger of the imagination which preys incessantly on life." But the creative activity of his imagination is unflagging, for it is the deprived boy's only weapon in his struggle to win self-respect and that of his fellows. And for Charley to imagine is to act.

So begins the long saga of bag-snatching, car-stealing, housebreaking, and destruction for the sheer esthetic pleasure of destruction that the children's courts will certainly call juvenile delinquency. However, as Cary makes plain, it is an innocent delinquency, Charley's only possible response to a bewilderingly unfamiliar personal situation. It is his way of making a tolerable existence out of a life that has fallen in ruins all about him.

COMPARED with the novels closest to it in time and spirit, "Mister Johnson" and "A House of Children," "Charley Is My Darling" bears the relation of a cartoon to a painting. There is an unfinished quality; the detail is there, but not the richness of color or the closeness of texture. There are repetitions. It is obviously too long, and despite its vigor it moves too slowly; the pace is not furious enough. Wise after the event, one has the feeling now that one is reading a trial run for later novels. The description of the orgiastic party the children, led by Charley, give in Burls, the big house they have broken into, is still funny. When first read in 1940 it was wonderful: it pales now by comparison with Gully Jimson's exploits in Sir William Beeder's flat, in "The Horse's Mouth."

All the same, "Charley Is My Darling" is authentic Cary, and for those new to him it is the perfect introduction to his work. One finds the humor, wild at times almost to the point of farce and yet never departing from credibility, and the poignancy, and they are there simultaneously, parts of a single whole. For Joyce Cary's was no simple, black-and-white view of life: a novelist of the creative imagination, he knew that the comic and the tragic were different sides of the one coin.

Moreover, there are extraordinarily vivid character sketches of men, women, and children caught, it seems, in the very moment of living. There are also exquisite passages. Cary wrote nothing better than the account of the children wandering towards the village late at night in tired companionship, reluctant to return to their billets after a memorable day, and baring their bottoms to one another in the moonlight to show the marks of the beatings they have endured.

And if Charley is the center of the novel, at once the eternal male and the eternal poet (representative, as Cary

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wrote elsewhere, of "the spirit of life itself and its invincible desperation, which, among the cruelty of circumstance that is the form and effect of its real being, begets itself for ever in newness and innocence eternal delight"), he is balanced by the deaf girl Liz, Cary's version in this novel of the feminine principle. It is impossible not to be moved by the rendering of the growth of love between them, which, criminal as it is in the eyes of society, is beautiful in its own right. Here, though society may not recognize it, Charley and Liz are more than children.

TAURUS AND THE TERMAGANT: Almost any novel about California these days is likely to touch one of that state's numerous folk groups, which range from Steinbeck's happy-go-lucky *paisanos* to Saroyan's talkative Armenians. A new ethnic portrait is added to the gallery with the publication of **"The Good Thief"** (Crowell, $1.95), a first novel by Jim Dilles and the first of the new Crowell paperback originals. This time the Greek colony near San Francisco finds itself under the novelist's microscope as Costas Desmas, immigrant father of a large American-born brood, struggles with the local mores in general, and his termagant wife in particular.

A packinghouse worker whose union is on strike, Costas is arrested for harboring a stolen bull, smuggled into his basement without his knowledge by one of his sons. Nothing that Costas and his wife, Thespina, do can persuade the animal to leave; to conceal his son's guilt, Costas submits to arrest. From here on in, things begin to pop. A slippery union leader turns the incident into a *cause célèbre,* and Costas is, so to speak, morally ransomed from jail, a hero in spite of himself. The inarticulate Greek is uneasy about it all and, it should be added with some regret, perhaps a little too dumb for his own good.

Mr. Dilles fails to draw the distinction between good-natured stupidity and violated innocence that might have made his central character more memorable than he is. A more basic drawback is the fact that the major situation —the theft of the bull—does not occur until halfway through the book. What comes off best in this novel is Mr. Dilles's handling of the conflict between "old country" values and American expediency, but even this, plus a better than average writing competence and a rigorous honesty in the author's approach to character, fails to keep "The Good Thief" from being a rather attenuated piece of work.

—David Dempsey.

COLLEGIANS WITHOUT CONFLICT: Glendon Swarthout's perceptive comic novel, **"Where the Boys Are"** (Random House, $3.50), is both good comedy and first-rate social anthropology. Merrit, the Midwestern coed narrator, is a funny and appealing girl, and the reader's delight and amusement in her and in the zany narrative seduce him into accepting her viewpoint and her observations without the initial shock and dismay that a balder account would occasion. Much of the book's comic value comes from its exposition of the ways of college students.

Merrit, one of 20,000 spring-vacation migrants to Fort Lauderdale, Florida, sees her problem in life as what to major in at school. Her three temporary consorts (sex being a part of vacationing) have their problems as well: one wants above all to be popular; the second, to be hired by a good firm (one with a generous retirement plan); while the third desires to be left completely alone. The excesses and idealism of the students of the recent past are meaningless to them. These collegians have energy but no goals, good instincts but no values, and intelligence but no information, and so reflect perfectly the aspirations of our cheerfully flabby culture. As one character says, "We are *undramatic.* We have been rooked out of every generation's birthright, which is conflict. . . . We have pimples but no suffering . . . for innocence we substitute naïveté . . . for faith, religion; for despair, boredom."

The author has written of these young people without condemnation: that he reserves for the schools and society which have not been up to the job of guiding and educating them. His wit and comic invention disguise what many will feel to be a grim core. The frantic dates, the lunatic conversations, and a frenzied burlesque of the International Brigade are all tremendously funny at first—then dreadfully funny.

In "They Came to Cordura," Mr. Swarthout dealt with the emergence of basic human qualities under great stress. Now he has reversed his field, portraying instead a group whose qualities are stifled by insulation from stress. —D. R. Bensen.

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY: Rupert Croft-Cooke, a peripatetic Englishman who has written about sherry and Gypsies, circuses and pubs, followed a literary path for his new book, **"Through Spain with Don Quixote"** (Knopf, $5). Traveling along the Knight's path from his birthplace in Argamasilla de Alba through the hamlets of La Mancha on to Barcelona, Croft-Cooke has blended the past with the present in a warm and stylishly-drawn portrait of Spain.

—Sketches by William Chappell from the book.

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Schweitzer at Eighty-Five

ALBERT SCHWEITZER observed his eighty-fifth birthday earlier this month at his hospital in Lambarene, French Equatorial Africa. He had spent several months in Europe—at his home in the Alsace and in visiting libraries, universities, churches, and the homes of old friends. For the first time in many years he gave a formal lecture—and a few informal ones. He was in excellent health.

When the holiday season approached, he left for Africa. As usual, he traveled by surface transportation—by train and boat and native canoe. And, as is well known, he generally took third-class accommodations—because there were no fourth-class ones.

His main concern, reflected in his talks and his letters, continued to be the monstrous risks taken by nations in their nuclear affairs. He had spent more than half a century in trying to awaken and serve the creative and compassionate spirit in man. The infinite reaches of mind, the connecting power of conscience, the fragility of human tissue—these were the main strands of his life and work. But now, in his harvest years, his thoughts and energies are turned also to the uncertainty that has clouded over the prospects for civilized man.

There was nourishment and hope for him in the decision of the United States and the Soviet Union to suspend their atomic experiments pending an attempt to work out effective control of nuclear weapons in the world. But the lack of urgency in these attempts, the spread of nuclear capability in the world, and the absence of wisdom in the collective conduct of human society—these concerns have become his close and prodding companions. Something else concerns him these days—the feeling of helplessness that has settled over men and women all over the world. He believes that governments will become responsible and sane in large affairs only as people create a mandate for them to do so. But individuals everywhere seem to him to be defaulting; they do not appear to have confidence in themselves to take hold, nor do they accept the absolute need to do so.

Does Dr. Schweitzer have any specific prescription or formula he would have individuals follow? He does not. Is there a specific line of action he would have them take? There is not. All he asks, or rather hopes for, is that the individual will be able to peel off the layers of hardened artificialities that separate him from his real self. He hopes that the individual in the twentieth century will somehow be able to cut through to the original purity inside him. Man's resources do not exist outside him. His responses must come from within. A thinking and feeling man is not a helpless man. The sense of paralysis proceeds not so much out of the mammoth size of the problem but out of the puniness of purpose.

Nothing is more universal today than the tragic question: "What can a man do?" If the purpose is strong enough, the question will answer itself. When Schweitzer first came to Africa, he was not frozen because thousands of doctors were required. The infinity of the need did not produce in Schweitzer either awe or surrender. In the very act of accepting a responsibility a single doctor could make it visible to others. Besides, to deprive one man of help because a multitude were calling for it was a design for a morally feeble society.

"A single doctor in Africa," he has said, "even with the most modest equipment, can mean very much for very many. The good which he can accomplish surpasses by a hundredfold what he gives of his own life and the cost of material support he must have. Just with a few medicines and with sufficient skills he can in a single year free hundreds of men from the grip of suffering and death."

It may be said that only a Schweitzer has the knowledge and personal power to answer satisfactorily the question: "What can one man do?" Certainly we can't all be Schweitzers. But what should concern us is not what it takes to be a Schweitzer but what it takes to be a man. Nature has not been equally lavish with her endowments, but each man has his own potential in terms of achievement and service. The awareness of that potential is the discovery of purpose; the fulfillment of that potential is the discovery of strength.

For Albert Schweitzer, the assertion of this potential was not directed to charity but to justice. Also, moral reparations. He had always been troubled by the fact that the white man, carrying with him the cross of Jesus, not infrequently also carried the means of cheapening the lives of people he sought to change or dominate.

"Ever since the world's far-off lands were discovered, what has been the relationship of the white people to the colored?" he has asked. "What is the meaning of the simple fact that this and that people have died out, and that the condition of others is getting worse because they were 'discovered' by men who professed to be followers of Jesus? Who can measure the misery produced by the fiery liquids and hideous diseases we have brought to them?

"We are burdened with a great debt. We are not free to confer benefits on these people, or not confer them, as we please. It is our duty. Anything we give them is not benevolence but atonement. That is the foundation from which all deliberations about 'works of mercy' must begin."

As for the right time to act? The time, inevitably, is now. It can only be now. "Truth has no special time of its own," he has said. When circumstances seem least propitious, that is the correct time.

Much of the ache and the brooding unhappiness in modern man is the result of his difficulty in using himself fully. He performs compartmentalized tasks in a compartmentalized world. He is reined in—physically, socially, spiritually. Only rarely does he have a sense of fulfilling himself through total contact with a total challenge. He finds

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it difficult to make real connection even with those who are near him. But there are vast urges of conscience, natural purpose, and goodness inside him demanding air and release. He has the capacity for moral response. And he has his own potential, the regions of which are far broader than he can even guess at—a potential that keeps nagging at him to be fully used.

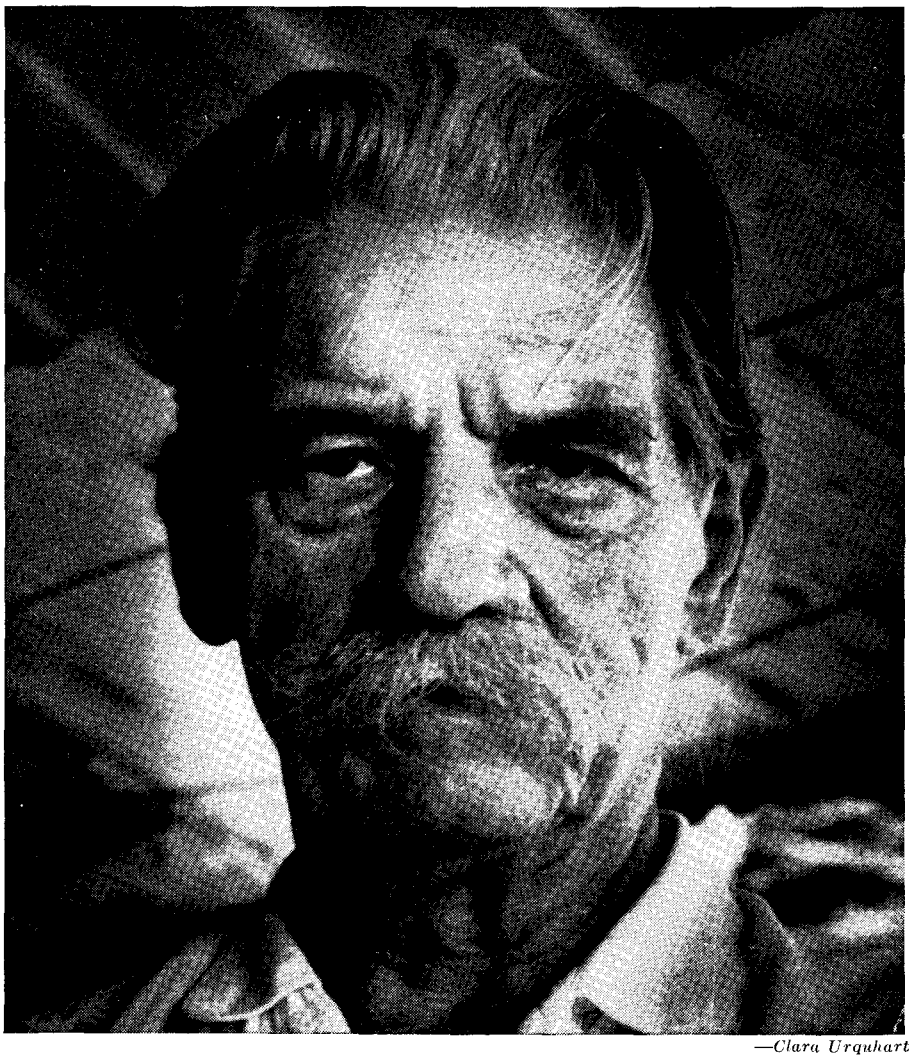
This is not to say that Albert Schweitzer has achieved "happiness" in meeting his potential. He is less concerned with happiness than with purpose. What is it that has to be done? What is the best way of doing it? How does a man go about developing an inner awareness of important needs outside himself? How does he attach himself to those needs? Is he able to recognize the moral summons within him? To the extent that the individual is unconcerned about these questions, or lives apart from them, he is unfulfilled and only partly alive.

ONE night at the hospital in Lambarene, long after most of the oil lamps had been turned out, I walked down towards the river. It was a sticky night and I couldn't sleep. As I passed the compound near Dr. Schweitzer's quarters, I could hear the rapid piano movement of a Bach Toccata. The doctor was playing on the upright piano next to his bedside.

I approached the doctor's bungalow and stood for perhaps five minutes outside the latticed window, through which I could see his silhouette in the dimly lit room. The piano had an organ footboard attachment so that he could keep his feet in musical condition. While he played the Toccata his feet moved over the footboard with speed and certainty. His powerful hands were in total control of the piano as he met Bach's demands for complete definition of each note—each with its own weight and value, yet all of them laced intimately together to create an ordered whole.

I had a stronger sense of listening to a great console than if I had been in the world's largest cathedral. The yearning for an ordered beauty; the search for a creative abandonment—yet an abandonment inside a disciplined artistry; the desire to re-create a meaningful past; the need for outpouring and release, catharsis—all these things inside Albert Schweitzer spoke in his playing. And when he was through, he sat with his hands resting lightly on the keys, his great head bent forward as though to catch any echoes.

He was now freed of the pressures and tensions of the hospital, with its forms to fill out in triplicate; freed of the mounds of unanswered mail; freed of the heat and the saturating moisture of the Equator; freed of the insects and the ants that would invade the costly medicines. Johann Sebastian Bach had made it possible for Albert Schweitzer to come to Lambarene in the first place; it was Schweitzer's books on Bach that provided royalties to support the hospital in the early years. Now Bach was restoring him to a world of creative and ordered splendor.



—*Clara Urquhart*

Albert Schweitzer—"Truth has no special time of its own."

The doctor knew in some way that I was standing outside, listening to him play, for when he finished the Toccata, he called out to me by name and asked me to come in. For one half-hour or so, we chatted in the thin light of the oil lamp near the piano. He was speaking personally now—about his hopes mostly. First, he would like to see his hospital in complete running order. Second, he would like to be able to train others to run the hospital after he is gone. Third, he would like to have just a little time—to work quietly and finish his two books. One is his major theological work, "The Kingdom of God." The other is his final volume on "The Philosophy of Civilization."

He did not wish these longings of his to give the impression he was unhappy in his work. Now and then something would happen that would give him a sense of fulfillment and deep reward. Only a few days earlier, for example, he received a letter from a professorial colleague in France about an examination paper turned in by a nineteen-year-old boy. One of the questions on the examination was worded: "How would you define the best hope for the culture of Europe?" The boy had written: "It is not in any part of Europe. It is in a small African village and it belongs to a man in his eighties."

Dr. Schweitzer looked up from the letter. "At times like this, when the hospital has gone to sleep and everything is at peace, it makes me proud that a young man would think as he does, whether what he thinks is true or not. But in the morning, when the sun is up and the cries from the hospital are sounded, I do not think of such fancy ideas. I have all I can do to sit still while reality stares me in the face. And sometimes, if I am lucky, I can stare back."

—N. C.

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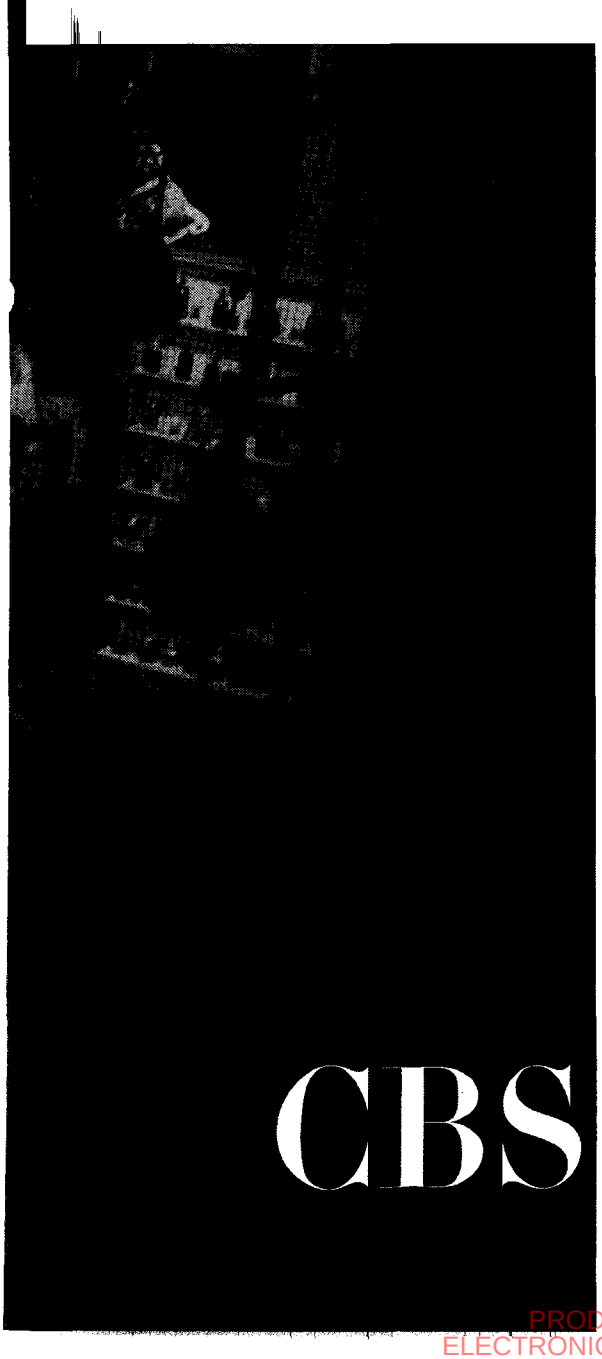

CBS

It could be said that television is an industry without an inventory. For no other industry consumes its principal commodity —or the talents of those who create it—faster than television.

The need for such an inventory is the reason why a selected group of promising writers and directors has been working for more than a month in the medium's first laboratory for the development of creative talent—the CBS Television Workshop. Under the guidance of the well-known television producer, Albert McCleery, they have been attending seminars, learning the special arts of television writing and directing, and the mystery of control rooms and electronic cameras.

Most of them have come to the Workshop with no previous professional experience in television, but with a background of demonstrated talent in other media—in fiction, the community theatre, the off-Broadway production. They are now being given a chance first to see how things are done and later to show what they themselves can do in a new series of hour-long dramatic programs, starting Sunday, January 24 on the CBS Television Network.

Essentially the CBS Television Workshop is a testing-ground for talent. It is intended to provide a reservoir of creative people who may be counted on to bring to television fresh, original and exciting entertainment. And, incidentally, it should also be worth seeing on your television screen one of these Sundays.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MARGIN OF ERA

"Reflections on the Fifties," by Joseph Wood Krutch [*SR*, Jan. 2], is one more observation that the modern era is dead or dying. Our whole *zeitgeist* has changed to a new view, and such astute writers as Peter Drucker and C. Wright Mills have called this a change to a new era (to be known perhaps as the Space Age?).

The modern era was born sometime in the middle 1600s, when the philosophy of Descartes and the science of Newton overthrew medievalism. Perhaps the best date would be the founding of the Royal Society in 1645. Although the modern era began to show its age with the disillusionment of the First World War, it tottered on for many decades. I think it is quite clear when the modern era finally died, with a bang: at 0815, August 6, 1945. It lasted a nice round three hundred years.

But the new era, whatever its name will be, did not start in 1945. It required a decade and more before we began to realize that one reason for our sense of unease is that we have come to the crossroads, and there are no guideposts.

I know not what others may think, but for my part I feel that January 1, 1960, marked not the birth of a new year, or even of a new decade, but of a new era.

Lewis J. Grant, Jr.

Chicago, Ill.

RAVES AND RICHES

The New York Film Critics' selection of "Ben-Hur" as top movie of 1959 has special historic significance. In 1880 the New York (and Boston) critics spurned "Ben-Hur" the novel, which then proceeded to earn its author, Lew Wallace, record royalties. The same with the play (1899), which ran for twenty years, and the first movie (1925).

Have the critics decided that "if you can't lick 'em, join 'em"?

Irving McKee.

Sacramento, Calif.

Editor's Note: *SR's film critics, Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert, who haven't joined 'em, found no room for "Ben-Hur" on their list of 1959's top ten movies.*

CHECK LIST FOR CHILDREN'S BOOKS

If there are others among your readers who agree with Miss Pearl Ward's letter [*SR*, Dec. 26] that poorly written, sloppily constructed books for children should be critized as are such books for adults, and that excellence in children's books should be as mandatory as it is in the most scholarly monographs, they may be interested in learning of the *Bulletin of the Center for Children's Books*, published under the sponsorship of the Graduate Library School of the University of Chicago.

Through History with J. Wesley Smith

"A wrist watch? I'd as soon wear a petticoat!"

The *Bulletin* is a critical reviewing medium devoted solely to the evaluation of books for children and young people, and it publishes its annotations, not only for the books that are recommended, but also for those that are recommended with reservations, or which are not recommended. The *Bulletin* supplies such critical reviews for 80 to 100 books each month published specifically for children and young people. It indicates the reading level of the book, its subject matter, the kinds of uses to which it can be put, as well as the reasons for recommendation or non-recommendation.

Lester Asheim.

Chicago, Ill.

MOVIES AND MORALS

Any discussion of censorship or "classification" of films [*SR*, Dec. 19] which does not take into consideration the values of the censor is strictly academic. It is rather confusing to me that those who regret the censorship of certain minority pressure groups should be so naïve as to believe the government or the Production Code or what have you would be any different. There are certain calculated risks in the philosophy which brought about the democratic form of government. One of these calculated risks is the assumption that a sane, adult human being has the intelligence and responsibility to care for himself and his children. I, as one presumedly intelligent, responsible human being, resent the usurping of my creative role as a mother and teacher of my children by all sorts of agencies leaving me only the tasks of a charwoman. . . .

To open the door to dignifying censorship in any form is the beginning of bondage. I do not deny that we have many worthless movies and that there is such a thing as obscenity. . . . Those who would classify or censor find it desirable and expedient, perhaps even inevitable, but they always assume that they or their "right-thinking" friends will be the ones doing the classifying. It is perfectly within the realm of possibility that they would not, at least not for any length of time. Power changes hands quite rapidly.

If today's parents were not being so beautifully conditioned to turn over every phase of their children's education to some outside agency, they might have the confidence to assume their responsibilities and privileges. Quite possibly it might then become uneconomic to make these distasteful movies. There is always "natural" or economic censorship. It is the only defense of the public against the censorship inherent in the taste, or lack of it, and judgment, or lack of it, of the opinion molders. . . .

Shirley Harris.

Highland Park, Ill.

SOMETHING OF VALUE

Your articles on the Dallas Conference [*SR*., Dec. 26] are worth the price of the whole year's subscription. They are most informative.

W. A. Stewart.

Norristown, Pa.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Shafran and Vishnevskaya—Opera—Weber

TRUE TO THE intimations conveyed by recordings from the Soviet Union, Daniel Shafran proved himself an outstanding musician and interpreter as well as a master cellist when he made his American debut as soloist with the Moscow State Symphony in the third concert of its series in Carnegie Hall. When Mtislav Rostropovitch was dispatched to this country, following Emil Gilels and David Oistrakh in the first wave of "exchange," the expectation was that he would be a super-Shafran. When he wasn't it seemed a mystery: having now seen the youthful-appearing, wavy-haired Shafran it may well be that there are matters of seniority involved. In any case he is the more vital and interesting musician, as well as a cellist with a refinement of sound to recall the late Emanuel Feuermann.

Some of this derives from previous as well as present impressions, for his debut work was the "Rococco" variations of Tchaikovsky, which are not too varied in mood (Shafran has been playing them since he made his debut at age 11, under the baton of Albert Coates). But it was plain to see from Shafran's untroubled execution of difficult staccatos and whistle-clean harmonics high on the finger board that the bow and the strings are as much an extension of himself as fingers or feet. His supple sound can be beautifully pointed when a phrase requires, and he commands a variety of vibratos to suit a given circumstance. In all, a dazzling assortment of resources which, it may be hoped, will be applied to a more demanding work before the visitors depart. Konstantin Ivanov conducted the lengthy First Symphony (it is so full of "everything" as to suggest the composer's apprehension that he might never write another) and the "Francesca da Rimini" Overture-Fantasy as well as a well-balanced background for the soloist.

Earlier in the week, Kiril Kondrashin (who had shared the glory of Van Cliburn's return from Moscow) was greeted as an old friend in directing the sonorous string section in the Serenade in C. Only, under his rather over-urgent urgings, the sound was coarse and grainy, suggesting what the unfolding work confirmed—he was trying too hard to achieve an animated result, with consequences that tended more to melodrama than mellowness.

The soloist on this occasion was Galina Vishnevskaya who is, in addition to being a leading soprano of the Bolshoi Opera, a slender, attractive woman with a finely disciplined voice (she is also the wife of the previously mentioned Rostropovitch). To my taste her singing of Tatiana's Letter Scene from "Eugene Ondegin" and "It is near to midnight" (to use the English title) from "Queen of Spades" was more notable for industriousness than for voluptuous sound or dramatic imagery. By our standards, Mme. Vishnevskaya is a dramatic rather than lyric soprano, with a white, hard-driven vocal quality which might have more appeal in the theatre than it does in the concert hall. She differentiated dutifully between the various moods that come and go in the Letter Scene but her performance did not include the kind of charm or personal projection to carry conviction by voice alone. The audience, however, responded warmly, as it has to almost everything offered in the series by the Russian visitors. It might be noted, in passing, that the repeated horn figures behind the voice in the Letter Scene were perilously close to embarrassing.

At some future time, an observer of recent musical events may come to the conclusion that Mary Curtis-Verna, a soprano born in Rhode Island, trained in Italy, and now employed at the Metropolitan, was the rare kind of vocal bird equally at home in the gilded cages occupied by Tosca, Donna Anna, Aïda, Santuzza, Mimi, the two Verdi Leonoras (in "Forza" and "Trovatore") and, most recently, Violetta. A calm examination of their vocal requirements suggests one of two things: Miss Curtis-Verna is either a paragon of the ages or the most obliging singer of her time.

Inasmuch as the contest for Miss Curtis-Verna's services seems to be a non-frenzied one, it must be assumed that for all her enterprise, she is not as wise a judge of her abilities as she might be. Her Violetta (as replacement for Victoria de los Angeles) was vigorous but wobbly, too broad in sound and inaccurate in execution in Act I to be redeemed by the more congenial writing of the following acts. As the management has recently shown tolerance of three Tristans, on a basis of quantity rather than quality, perhaps a "Traviata" with four Violettas might be in order. If so, Miss Curtis-Verna should be held in reserve for Act V.

This misdeed distracted attention from the first Alfredo of Nicolai Gedda, a role to which this likable artist applied his talents and intelligence in typically serious fashion. His is not the easy-pouring sound wanted for "Libiamo" or "De' miei bollento spiriti" but he presents a good dramatic illusion and a gratifying attention to musical detail. Cornell MacNeil was the elder Germont.

To undo an injustice of which Erich Leinsdorf was the victim recently, he should be relieved of responsibility for the excess time consumed on a recent Saturday broadcast of "Der Rosenkavalier." According to irrefutable figures, only 176 of the allotted 240 minutes were utilized in the performance of Strauss's music. The remaining sixty-four were consumed by prefatory remarks and intermission features. The real difficulty arose because the first intermission ran some eight minutes longer than expected due to delays in setting the stage for Act II.

Dimitri Mitropoulos continued the Mahler observance with a powerful performance of the Symphony No. 1, for which he has a pronounced (and familiar) sympathy. Sharing the programs of the Philharmonic with him were his countrywoman Gina Bachauer, whose choice was the piano concerto of Arthur Bliss, written to be performed at a concert during the New York World's Fair in the late Thirties. This is a showy piece with a virtuoso solo part which Miss Bachauer made both showy and sonorous. Perhaps it is time for some sympathetic instrumentalist to investigate the Bliss violin concerto, which, as well as being showy and written for a virtuoso, has some attractive melodic ideas.

The Swiss pianist Margit Weber, for whom Igor Stravinsky wrote the brief "Movements for Piano and Orchestra" during 1958-59, was the soloist in a Town Hall performance of the work in the last of three concerts in which the composer has participated as conductor. This is a work of such compactness and provocative content that a single hearing is merely an introductory experience. Proper judgment may await its appearance on a recording.

Finally, for those who may have missed it, Birgit Nilsson showed an illuminating aspect of her versatility in singing "Vissi d'arte" from "Tosca" and a Swedish folk song on a recent Ed Sullivan telecast. Such vocal security is rarely encountered in this aria (her Italian was clean, her style apt if not exactly Italiante) and the folk song was polished to a gem-like perfection.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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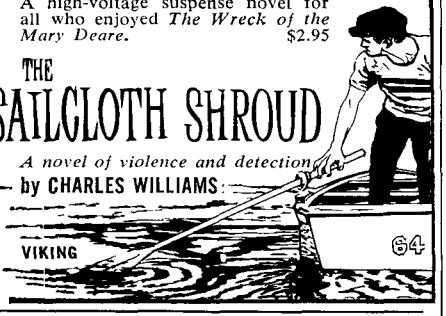

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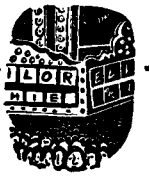

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Bergman Revisited

ONE of the more gratifying aspects of the movie world is the opportunity it often affords us to catch up on the work of an artist we particularly admire. This is especially true of the foreign film makers. Let one of their works catch on, and soon every art theatre in town is running pictures made before the breakthrough. Just a few months ago, New York was a Bergman festival, with no less than seven films by the redoubtable Swede playing simultaneously—films early and late, all contributing additional insights into the variety of his special but intriguing genius.

The latest of the Ingmar Bergman revivals, "**A Lesson in Love**" (Janus), would seem to mark a return to the comedy style of "Smiles of a Summer Night," the film that first won him the attention of American audiences. In point of fact, its production immediately preceded "Smiles"; but it shares with that film the same technical security, the same pointed commentary on sex, and in Eva Dahlbeck and the chameleon Gunnar Bjornstrand, the same stars. If it suggests "Wild Strawberries" in its wild juggling with time, it has neither the austerity nor the formidable intellectuality of the later film. For the most part, it is a gay romp, often hilariously funny, invariably witty, and serious only when reflecting upon the effect of marital infidelity on the young.

The opening is a gem of indirection as Bjornstrand, a gynecologist, disengages himself from his mistress, then seemingly picks up an attractive matron on a train. Not until the picture leaps into flashback do we discover that she is in fact his wife. Piqued by his many infidelities, she is on her way to keep a tryst with a former lover. Past and present intermingle as husband and lover vie with each other to win her back. Not much of a story perhaps; but Bergman, once again his own script writer, has threaded it with deliciously naughty dialogue, some wonderful farce comedy, and a good many telling jabs at the battle of the sexes.

Although this is not yet the lyric Bergman of today, there is at least one sequence—a marvelous, silent scene in which an awkwardly adolescent girl attempts to choose between mother and father—that can stand with anything he has done in the full maturity of his powers. To alter a slogan that Paramount once made popular, "If it's a Bergman picture, it's the best show in town."

"**A Touch of Larceny**" (Paramount) is an Anglo-American comedy that manages neatly to blend the best of both worlds—the smooth, silky sheen of Hollywood, and the polished, irreverent wit of some of the English imports. In order to get his hands on some ready cash (and Vera Miles, a delectable widow), James Mason concocts a hare-brained scheme. An Admiralty officer, he proposes to throw suspicion on himself by hobnobbing with Russians and arranging for a file of important documents to disappear, then to vanish on holiday and wait for the newspapers to brand him a traitor and spy in their headlines—and finally to sue. The plan works a little too well, but meanwhile Mason has had an idyllic time as a lone Robinson Crusoe on a Scottish isle. And author Roger MacDougall has sunk a few barbed shafts into such popular transatlantic notions as guilt by association and trial by headline. It is all done with great good humor but, praise be, not without malice. Sprightly progressive jazz, the work of Philip Green, sustains the film's gay, sophisticated tone.

FOR a time, "**Never So Few**" (M-G-M), based on the Tom T. Chamales novel, also seems on the daring side. Early in the film Frank Sinatra, a hard-headed captain in the Burma campaign, shoots one of his men rather than let him suffer from an incurable wound. Euthanasia is frowned upon in certain quarters. Later, he finds that an American supply train has been raided and American troops slaughtered for the benefit of a Chinese war lord, an ally. What will the China lobby say? And then the Army, failing to win a diplomatic apology from Sinatra for his massive retaliation, sets out to prove that he is insane. Before things get too far out of line, however, the Chinese withdraw their protest, the Army reverses itself, and a Pentagon general pins a medal on forthright Frankie, who is described in the film as "the Abe Lincoln of North Burma." Gina Lollobrigida supplies the waiting arms, and M-G-M has supplied some gorgeous Oriental settings. But what might have been an explosive and searching drama turns out to be just another war adventure film.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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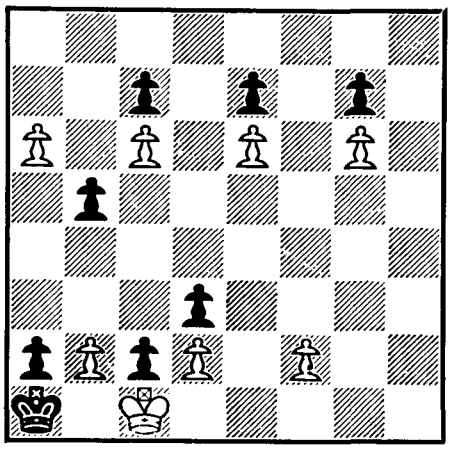
Chess Corner–29

UNDERPROMOTION, that is, promoting a Pawn when it reaches the eighth rank to less than a Queen, is a little used tactical resource. There are times, infrequent to be sure, however, when, for some reason or other, the more powerful Queen will not do. Underpromotion is, indeed, a rarity. That it occurs many times in the very same position is a curiosity.

Here is such a position:



WHITE TO PLAY AND WIN

1 P-R7 .....

1 P-B4 will not do. E.g., ...P-N5 2 P-B5, P-N6 3 P-B6, (either) PxP 4 P advances, P-B4 5 P Queens, P-B5. Now despite the extra Queen, and in fact, despite White's ability to promote to a second Queen, White cannot win. The best he can do is achieve a stalemate.

1	P-N5
2 P-R7 (N)	P-N6
3 N-N6!	PxN
4 P-B7	P-N4
5 P-B8 (N)	P-N5
6 N-Q6	PxN
7 P-K7	P-Q4
8 P-K8 (N)	.....

The third Knight promotion!

8	P-Q5
9 N-B6	PxN
10 P-N7	P-B4
11 P-N8 (Q)	P-B5
12 QxP	P-B6
13 QxQP	P-N6
14 QxNP	P-Q6
15 QxRPch!	KxQ
16 P-N4	.....

Black resigns. White Queens his free Pawn and the rest is elementary.

—AL HOROWITZ.

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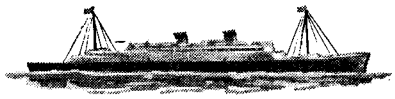

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TV AND RADIO

Pavlov and Politics

A FAVORITE argument of the advocates of sponsored broadcasting is that you have to feed mass audiences regularly with bread so that when cake time comes around they will be there, available for the feast. You must hold them with escape entertainment, in other words, so that when Presidential elections arrive you'll have a ready-made rostrum built, from which candidates can communicate to voters who will make the wiser choice. The theory encounters a Pavlovian difficulty, however. If you condition a dog to salivate and feed at prescribed stimuli, the Russian scientist showed, you only irritate and confuse him if you disarrange the sequence of signals. A dog is a dog, of course, and we have no evidence that he also votes, but Mr. Sig Mickelson, president of CBS News, made a speech last fall on "Television and the Voter," which suggests that there may be some instructive connection between Pavlov and politics on TV.

While doubting the influence of TV on the actual outcome of a single campaign, the CBS news executive claimed for the electronic medium that "it has increased the degree of independent thinking. . . . It has resulted in balloting based more on reason than emotion. . . . Television, I believe, has made enormous contributions toward creating a more knowledgeable and more sophisticated voter." Later in the same speech, Mr. Mickelson, in advising candidates on how to make the best campaign use of TV, suggested that they pay more attention to getting on regular newscasts than to preempting time for paid political talks.

There is, however, an affirmative reason for avoiding the direct confrontation of the voter on TV, in the news executive's opinion. "The paid speech usually preempts an entertainment program which the viewer tunes in to see. This does not make for a particularly favorable climate. . . . In the news broadcast [the candidate] is seen by an audience which tuned in to see news. In the case of the preemption, he is seen by many who might rather be watching a Western, and are irritated by the intrusion." The picture of an audience "knowledgeable, sophisticated, thinking independently, and balloting more on reason than emotion" is out of synch with the sound-track of an audience prepared to take politics as news but not as an unwelcome intrusion on "Dennis the Menace." The latter image is the true one, it would seem, for while the first is theoretical, the second, according to the news executive, will be operative in the coming election campaign. "How about the independent voter?" he asks. "Are they independent voters because they are intelligent, sophisticated, and well informed or are they simply confused to the point where they don't know what they want to do?"

All media, generally, share with TV the credit for conditioning the escape-oriented citizen-voter. At election times, our national plebiscites, which should be matters of dialectics, must accommodate themselves to the prevailing winds of rhetoric which please and persuade. Get yourself an advertising agency, is Mr. Mickelson's advice to candidates, "an indispensable requirement to a successful political campaign." Be natural, informal, have human interest. The campaign, we expect, will be conducted on TV in precisely this adjusted manner. It will be good business for the news departments of the networks; it will give minimum disturbance to the basic pattern of TV entertainment which must continue when the elections are over. Addressing TV newsmen generally, the CBS executive suggested commendably that reporters avoid "the incestuous practice of covering campaigns by interviewing each other." He urged less concern for who is going to win and more for "what is stirring within the electorate."

But one cannot help asking: "Who is going to discuss the *issues* of the campaign?" The real challenge of the 1960 campaign on TV, it would seem, lies not at the feet of the politicians but at the door of the news departments of the networks. If it makes sense to them to shepherd the debaters into their tidy, TV news and human interest corners and off the rougher highways-for-the-confrontation-of-ideas, then the newsmen must take up the slack and illuminate candidates and issues searchingly and with editorial coverage. I can name a few newscasters who I am sure will attempt to do this, but looking at television's conditioned reflexes generally, I am afraid the dilemma would be too much even for Pavlov.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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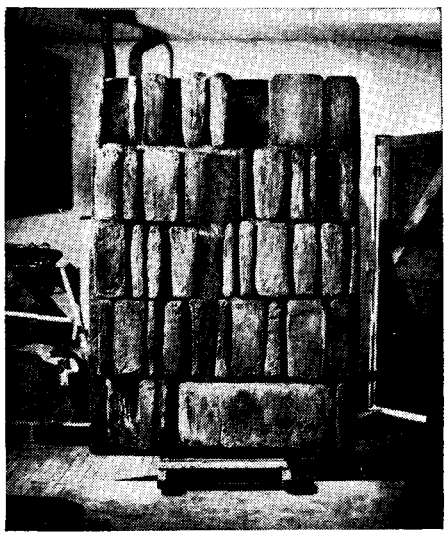
A Contemporary Canvass of the American Canvas

FOUR contemporary American exhibitions have opened recently in various parts of the country, the Second Biennial at the Detroit Institute of Arts, which moves to the Pennsylvania Academy in Philadelphia this week, the 63rd American Exhibition at the Art Institute of Chicago, and, in New York, the Whitney's Annual American show, as well as Sixteen Americans next door at the Museum of Modern Art. This reviewer hoped, after seeing these almost 800 works, to come up with some new observations on the state of American art. If unfortunately this did not happen (except at the Museum of Modern Art), at least earlier convictions were strengthened and moot questions raised.

The first question concerns the purpose of these large, often ambiguous national "compilations." Originally conceived as cross sections of contemporary American art, they were of inestimable value at a time when commercial galleries dealing in this field were negligible. Now of course the situation is radically changed. Numerous galleries from coast to coast present up-to-the-minute reports on the daily progress of American art. In addition, the number of artists in this country has increased so phenomenally that to call any exhibition of normal size today a cross section is misleading.

Take, for example, the Whitney show. Predominantly abstract expressionist in feeling, it no doubt faithfully reflects this familiar aspect of contemporary American art, but conspicuously slights other movements and does little to recognize nuances of change or clues to the future. Paintings by artists from the East and West coasts are stressed almost to the exclusion of those from other areas, thus presenting a somewhat biased picture of the national scene. Yet certain salient, if not new, characteristics emerge, preeminently the current predilection for larger and larger canvases. All four exhibitions demonstrate that American artists are hypnotized by outsize dimensions, in many cases warranted when sweeping, spontaneous expression is intended; but too often pretentious scale merely points up a sterility which might otherwise have been less oppressive. Also disquieting is the tendency of certain more traditional artists to "loosen up" merely because it is the order of the day. I felt this at the Whitney with painters like Edward Millman, Charles Schucker, George Picken, and Stephen Greene. Their slashes of pigment appeared sometimes a matter of duty rather than of final commitment. And despite technical verve, several of the younger artists, notably John Levee, Conrad Marca-helli and Alfred Leslie, though influenced by the now famous older abstract expressionists, are represented by works curiously more externalized and elegant than compulsive. Indeed, it would seem that the Action Painters are at last being tamed, by their own followers—a denouement, by the way, which is not new in the history of art. Two other trends observed frequently in the four exhibitions are a preoccupation with sophisticated all-white paintings where only a shimmer of color obtrudes and, in direct reverse, the potent influence of several California artists who have zealously reintroduced the human figure into buoyant landscapes and interiors. I refer to Diebenkorn, Park, and Bischoff as leaders of this group.

At the Art Institute of Chicago a handsome catalogue scarcely compensated for a sparse show. Of the four museums, this institution has available the largest temporary exhibition space but for some reason filled its nine big galleries only fitfully with a technically excellent exhibit strangely without focus or strong conviction despite a superior "sampling" of artists. As with the Whitney, all selections were made by members of the staff, but instead of one example by each artist, several were often invited, though only in rare cases were more than brief suggestions of a man's work investigated. What one misses in this exhibit is either a cumulative report on art today, a tentative prediction as to art of the future, or any vital relationship in the works included. However, certain of America's best "old modern masters" appear here to great advantage. I refer to evocative works by Joseph Cornell, Mark Tobey, Lee Gatch, and Philip Guston (the last three extremely well represented in Chicago) and to the limpid clarity of Cavallon's apparently effortless brush.



—Courtesy, Museum of Modern Art.

"Prison Yard," by Robert Mallary: "bastard area . . . uncertain of its parentage."

IF the highly professional Chicago show is too thin and too exclusive, the Detroit Biennial is far too big and deplorably inclusive. Here almost 400 works were crowded into inadequate space and viewed under "bargain sale" conditions. Rarely has installation done less to encourage sympathetic appreciation, though the group as a whole seems low in quality, especially the sculpture. One asks again: to what purpose such an exhibition? Who is benefited? Who enlightened? The few interesting works included are so engulfed by scores of indiscriminate neighbors (many of which appear either amateurish or blatantly derivative) that even the best are in danger of being overlooked and underestimated. A foreword to the catalogue claims that "this is the only national survey of contemporary American painting and sculpture which is selected by, and represents the point of view of, the artists themselves." If so, let us hasten to encourage more curators and critics to assemble exhibitions.

And this is precisely what the Museum of Modern Art has done. Entrusting the entire choice to *one* experienced curator, Dorothy Miller, the museum presents an intelligent, well-installed survey of sixteen (often little-known) Americans, each seen in a group of works large enough to give a rounded estimate of personal identity. Though in many cases one may not agree with the choice of artists, still the idea behind the show is valid. Because only one able person has taken

(*Continued on page* 40)

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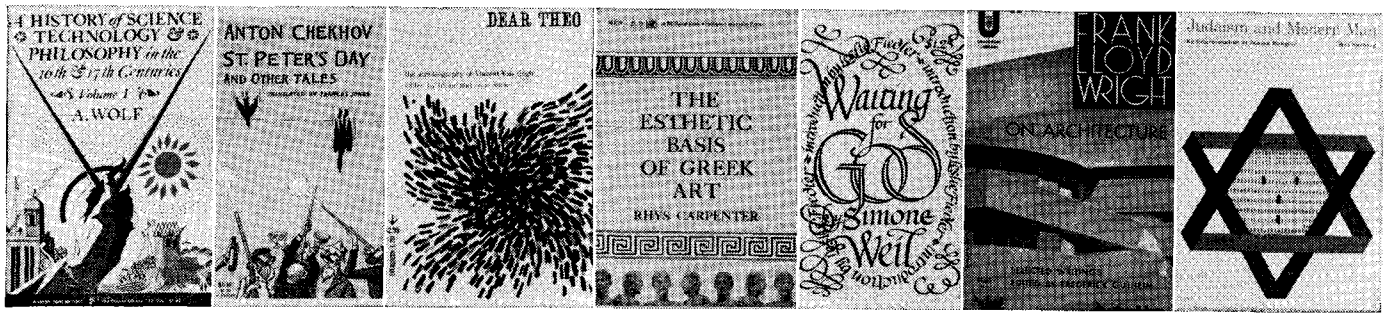

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

WHAT'S NEW: Publishing is filled with surprises and the publishing of paperbacks is no exception. A new twist has been added to the customary route of hardcover-into-reprints. Now it seems that certain books, written originally for paperbacks, have been so successful that they will appear again, this time as hardcovers. Two Dell books, Elizabeth Drew's "Poetry: A Modern Guide to Its Understanding and Enjoyment" and "Emerson," by Alfred Kazin and Daniel Aaron, will be republished by, respectively, Norton and Houghton Mifflin. Signet reports the same story. Their tenth edition of "Good Reading" will be simultaneously published in hardcover by Bowker, while Macmillan will wait until April to take over Anne Fremantle's "This Little Band of Prophets," a study of British Fabianism. . . . In a celebrative mood Pocket Books, learning of the new Aku-Aku Room at Las Vegas's luxurious Desert Inn, quickly sent along 1,000 copies of their new reprint, Thor Heyerdahl's account of his Easter Island expedition. The title is, of course, "Aku-Aku." . . . For those who haven't yet read it, and New American Library thinks there are quite a few, "Dr. Zhivago" will be available on February 2 in a 75-cent edition. The first printing calls for close to a million copies. . . . "How to Be Very, Very Popular" might be the subtitle of Berkley's "Folksing," a collection of sea chanties, ballads, spirituals, with words, music, and guitar chords; it all but guarantees social success at any ski lodge fireside. . . . Paperback publishers are growing increasingly series-minded. Evergreen is not only expanding its Encyclopedia Series with Andre Maurois's histories of England and France, but they are now inaugurating a "Myth and Man" series, which gets under way next month with Alan Watts's "Myth and Ritual in Christianity" and C. Kerenyi's "The Gods of the Greeks." . . . Vintage, that's the Knopf imprint, is preparing a Russian Library Series, with Ernest Simmons's "Tolstoy," Isaac Deutscher's political biography of Stalin, and Leonid Leonov's banned-in-Russia novel, "The Thief," leading the spring list.

—R. W. S.

FICTION

A good way to become acquainted with the Russian writers is through the many paperback editions of the shorter works. Anton Chekhov's **"St. Peter's Day and Other Tales"** (Capricorn, $1.25), translated by Frances Jones, is a volume of early, lighthearted stories, most of which appear here for the first time. And yet there are some, like the brief "$75,000," in which the mood is not jocular and not so far from the Chekhov of "Three Sisters." **"Three Short Novels of Dostoievsky"** (Anchor, $1.45) needs no comment. They are "The Double," "Notes from the Underground," and "The Eternal Husband." Each novelette serves as an excellent introduction to the author's more complex novels. This translation by Constance Garnett has been revised and edited by the capable Avrahm Yarmolinsky. From the Viking Portable Library ($1.45) comes the **"Portable Russian Reader,"** selected, translated, and introduced by Bernard Guilbert Guerney. It is a sturdy, representative collection, but vulnerable here and there. Why choose "Ward Six" for Chekhov when, if a long story was sought, either "The Duel" or "The Black Monk," both superb examples of his works, were on hand? And why, in a book of 658 pages, only twenty-one pages of Tolstoy?

"14 Great Short Stories by Soviet Authors" (Avon, 50¢) is a new collection edited by George Reavey, who is also more often than not the translator. "Modern stories that show the vitality of Russian writing today," claims the cover blurb. It sounds like a good idea; but, in truth, of the twelve authors represented all but one were born in the nineteenth century, and the exception, Mikhail Sholokhov, was born in 1905. None of the stories is about a period later than 1920 Russia. The selections begin with Gorky and include such well-known names as Ilya Ehrenburg, Isaac Babel, and Boris Pasternak.

SCIENCE

In 1603, the year Queen Elizabeth I died, death also came to her personal physician, William Gilbert. He was sixty-three and during seventeen years of his lifetime he had experimented in magnetism and electricity more intensively and fruitfully than any man in his time. Kepler was to owe him a great debt. Gilbert's findings were set down in his famous book, **"De Magnete."** Translated from the Latin by Mottelay, it is offered by Dover for $2.

Gilbert and his experiments occupy but a few pages in the two-volume edition of A. Wolf's **"A History of Science, Technology, and Philosophy in the 16th and 17th Centuries"** (Torchbooks, $1.95 each). It is a monumental work, well written and still, since its original appearance in 1934, indispensable for students of the period.

In **"From Magic to Science"** (Dover, $2), Dr. Charles Singer, who has been called the foremost medical historian of this century, reprints seven of his essays investigating the efficacy of herbs, telling the story of Abbess Hildegard of Bingen and her visions, and generally distinguishing between the cures of magic and science.

Another history of a science is I. Bernard Cohen's **"The Birth of a New Physics"** (Anchor, 95¢), which explores the energetic scientific activity that followed close upon the Renaissance. Dr. Cohen reviews first the Old Physics, beginning with Aristotelian philosophy and continuing until the Ptolemaic universe gave way to the Copernican, and

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ushered in Galileo and the New Physics.

A more specialized and contemporary physics study is **"The Physics of Television"** (Anchor, 95¢), by Donald G. Fink and David M. Luytens. Like Dr. Cohen's book this is a new volume in the Doubleday Science Study Series, published in cooperation with Wesleyan University. It's interesting as a guide to the inside of a television set and invaluable as a schematic to improve the quality of your picture.

ART

After the recent brouhaha following the opening of Frank Lloyd Wright's Guggenheim Museum, it's good to be able to turn to some of the master's own words in a new paperback aptly named, **"On Architecture"** (Universal, $1.65). In these writings, selected from the past half century, Wright is always opinionated, often witty, in his views on art—his and anyone else's. "If you see a picture in which a cow is looking at you 'real,' so 'lifelike,'" wrote Wright, "rather buy the cow, because the picture in all human probability is worthless." Wright, of course, figures prominently in Lewis Mumford's **"Roots of Contemporary Architecture"** (Grove, $2.95), a collection of thirty-seven essays written by and about the men who have contributed most to the architecture of the past century in this country. Horatio Greenough, Louis Sullivan, Philip Johnson, and Mumford himself are among those whose illuminating words voice the meaning of America's buildings.

In his excellent little study of sculpture and architecture in ancient Greece, **"The Esthetic Basis of Greek Art"** (Midland, $1.75), Rhys Carpenter discusses the close relationship between beauty and utility. Mr. Wright wouldn't have disagreed either. Illustrated.

In **"Painting and Reality"** (Meridian, $1.55), French philosopher Etienne Gilson provides a thoughtful study in esthetics in which he seeks to distinguish between painting and picturing, between reality and its illusion. If you have found yourself bewildered by abstract expressionism, M. Gilson's discussion of nonrepresentational painting will be particularly enlightening. Originally delivered as the 1955 Mellon Lectures in Fine Arts, these essays require attentive reading. They are well worth the effort. Illustrated.

"The fact that I have a definite belief concerning art makes me sure of what I want in my own work, and I shall try to reach it even at the risk of my own life," wrote Vincent Van Gogh in one of some 600 letters to his beloved, ever-patient brother Theo. This correspondence, which comprises **"Dear Theo"** (Evergreen, $2.95), edited by Irving and Jean Stone, extends from 1873, when Van Gogh worked in a London art shop, on through the years and the cities and villages of Europe. This moving, often anguished autobiography is filled with keen perceptions about his own work and that of his contemporaries, with doubts and debts and illness, and, as in his final letter from Auvers in 1890—"I am in a mood of nearly too great calmness"—with flashes of sublime serenity.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

Now that the Beats have taken over Zen it is more difficult than ever to discover what it's really all about. Robert Linssen gives a sensible explanation in **"Living Zen"** (Evergreen, $2.25), in which he presents the Buddhist background, contrasts Zen with the Judaic-Christian tradition, and then proceeds to discuss Zen as "neither a religion nor a philosophy . . . but Life itself." H. G. Creel, professor of Chinese literature at the University of Chicago, has written an informative study in **"Chinese Thought: From Confucius to Mao Tse-tung"** (Mentor, 50¢). He begins his survey by reminding the reader that the West today is paying the price for ignorance of Chinese philosophy, then goes on to trace, through 3,000 years of history, the leading philosophical movements. The ample bibliography should stimulate further reading in the field.

Will Herberg, Judaic scholar and social philosopher, is the author of two books recently released as paperbacks. **"Judaism and Modern Man"** (Meridian, $1.45), which, presupposing some previous knowledge, relates contemporary Judaism to the Biblical tradition, society, political life, and to prevailing ethical values. His **"Protestant Catholic Jew"** (Anchor, $1.25) is a vigorous interpretation of religion in America, as seen by the cool eye of the professional observer. Herberg appraises secularism, the concept of the church, its role in present-day society, never veering far from his thesis that "the American system is one of stable coexistence of three equi-legitimate religious communities grounded in the common culture-religion of America."

British theologian J. S. Whale's **"The Protestant Tradition"** (Cambridge, $1.95) follows the growth of Protestantism from Luther, Calvin, the Sectarians, on to current religious problems. Whale, to whom modern Protestantism "wears a coat of many colors," favors a more unified church.

Simone Weil, who died in 1943 at the age of thirty-four, has been called a modern mystic, a contemporary saint. The letters and essays to Father Perrin in **"Waiting for God"** (Capricorn, $1.25) reveal her unending struggle for understanding of herself and her God.

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise,
He jump'd into a bramble bush,
And scratched out both his eyes;
And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jumped into another bush,
And scratched them in again.

Jemmy Jed went into a shed,
And made a ted of straw his bed,
An owl came out and flew about,
And Jemmy Jed up stakes and fled.

"NEW, USEFUL, AND ENTERTAINING MATTER" can be found as it has been for the past 168 years, in the 1960 edition of **"The Old Farmer's Almanac"** (Yankee, Inc., Dublin, N.H. or Pocket Books, 35¢). Recipes for catnip tea and dill facials, the secrets of the zodiac, of moon risings and sun settings, when eclipses will occur, what the weather will be like on the Fourth of July are all included, as well as, for fun mingled with nostalgia, some early nineteenth-century nursery rhymes. The verses and illustrations reproduced above were included in "The History of the Goose Family," by Alex Anderson, America's first wood engraver.

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PROBED PERSONALITIES

Anatomy of a Political Killing

"The Mind of the Assassin," by Isaac Don Levine *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 232 pp. $4.50), attempts to explain what motivated the man who murdered Trotsky. James T. Farrell served on the Committee that organized the (Preliminary) Commission of Inquiry Into the Charges Made Against Leon Trotsky in the Moscow Trials—1937.*

By James T. Farrell

"I PUT my raincoat on the table on purpose so that I could take out the ice axe which I had in the pocket. I decided not to lose the brilliant opportunity which was offered me and at the exact moment when Trotsky started to read my article, which served as my pretext, I took the *piolet* out of my raincoat, took it in my fist and, closing my eyes, I gave him a tremendous blow on the head. . . ."

These are the words of the assassin of Leon Trotsky, describing how he committed one of the most brutal and shameful murders in history. The assassination occurred on August 20th, 1940, in the study of the rented, fortified villa in which Trotsky lived in Coyoacan, a suburb of Mexico City.

The murderer was then a young man of twenty-seven, attractive in appearance. He was using a Canadian passport that had belonged to a volunteer killed in the Spanish Civil War, and the name in which it was made out was misspelled, "Frank Jacson." Now probably serving his last year in a Mexican prison, he claims, as he did before the crime was committed, that he is Jacques Mornard Vandendreschd, son of a wealthy Belgian diplomat. For years, his true identity was unknown, and some of the arrogant and ignorant in semi-intellectual circles denied that he was a GPU agent.

The assassin was first identified by Julian Gorkin, leader of a Spanish leftist, anti-Stalinist, non-Trotskyist party (POUM), during the Civil War. Gorkin was almost killed three times and severely injured once by the Stalinists. In his identification of the assassin, Gorkin was assisted by General Leandro A. Sanchez Salazar, ex-chief of Secret Service of the Mexican Police. Salazar and Gorkin collaborated on a book, "Murder in Mexico: The Assassination of Leon Trotsky," published in London.

Much additional testimony has since been gathered, and we now know definitely that the murder plot was largely organized in America by GPU agents and some American Communists. The name of the murderer is Jaime Ramón Mercader del Río Hernandez. He was born in Barcelona of a Cuban mother, Caridad Mercader, who was a well-known Communist in Spain. She is still alive and is now in Paris. The identification is positive.

Isaac Don Levine has gathered together the many facts of the life history of Ramón Mercader, and he tells a clear and lucid story. He also includes information and comment based on the psychiatric examinations of Mercader in a Mexican jail. The assassin, as one psychiatrist concluded, is "an automatized, rigid personality. . ." He is the apparatus man, completely submerged in the totalitarian political machine.

This is a true and terrible story of our days; it should be read, and widely, because for at least thirty years there have been Americans who evaded the truth about political assassinations ordered by unspeakable tyrannies.

Trotsky was a great hero and, as

Footnote to a Murder

As I stood by the bed of Leon Trotsky in the shabby emergency ward of the Green Cross Hospital in Mexico City, the world-famous Russian revolutionary leader struggled desperately for life. Any normal man would have been dead hours before. An alpine ice axe had been driven clear through his brain earlier that evening by a mysterious assassin as Trotsky sat in the study of his heavily guarded home in the nearby suburb of Coyoacan. The heavy, rasping throb of his breathing must have been a painful dirge in the ears of Mrs. Trotsky, who sat huddled and motionless at the foot of the bed, impassive as stone to the stir of doctors, nurses, and members of Trotsky's armed entourage, watching helplessly in the presence of the impending death of a great man. His head a mass of bandages, Trotsky lay flat on his back gulping in air to try to still the rattle of death in his throat. A photographer flashed his camera repeatedly to record the moment for history while I, a resident correspondent in Mexico at the time, observed the scene for the waiting press. Within an hour in the drab, garishly lighted room, it was over; and Mrs. Trotsky began to sob softly for the end of a world and an era. Stalin's great enemy was dead, finally slain after many attempts, by one of the Premier's agents.

But the assassin lived, and still lives, as Isaac Don Levine reports in his new book. With the scene of Trotsky's death indelible in my mind, I went a few days later to visit the murderer in his cell in the penitentiary on the edge of Mexico City. I found him bright and cheerful, well dressed, in a sort of private one-room bungalow reserved for very important prisoners. It had barred windows, but was complete with books, an easy chair, a large table on which he was building a model airplane, and a bird cage. He liked birds, he said.

"Jacques Mornard," as he was known in 1940, spoke French, Spanish, and English fluently. He was a brilliant conversationalist, as I learned in various visits. His observations on the U.S. were acute and sardonically witty. He felt no remorse for Trotsky, a man who had befriended him, and whom he had brutally killed. "Mornard" argued eloquently that he had come to Trotsky's household in good faith, but had become disillusioned by the latter's hatred of Stalin and by his insistence on world revolution—a threat, "Mornard" said, to the peaceful triumph of Socialism. So, to save that victory and the Socialist peoples of the earth from needless bloodshed in revolution, he had decided in much mental anguish to strike down his erstwhile hero.

He argued this with an enormous show of conviction, mixed with a mischievous glint in his eyes. No, he said, he knew nothing of Stalin or the GPU or any grand Communist conspiracy against Trotsky. In his sunlit cell during these various talks he seemed more like a brisk graduate student arguing his personal philosophy of Socialist history than a central actor in the final stage of the tremendous struggle for

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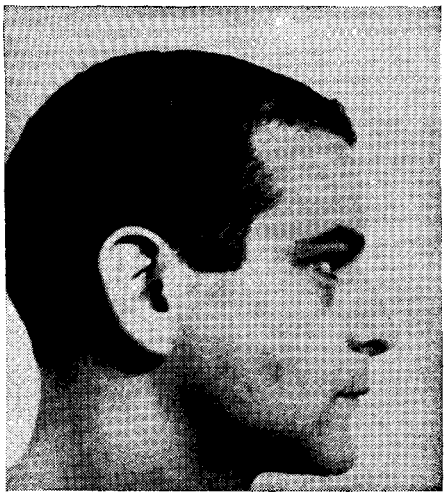

Ramon Mercader—An attractive killer.

Max Eastman wrote, perhaps the greatest of all revolutionaries. He pitted his mind against a great empire and never flinched or retreated, although he knew that Stalin had him marked for death. At least $600,000 was spent to murder Trotsky. The example of heroism of this man in standing almost alone and refusing to retreat before Stalin represents one of the acts of great moral bravery in the history of man.

Isaac Don Levine has told the story of this crime, and done so well. He is a journalist who deserves much, much more respect than he has sometimes been accorded. He proves this in "The Mind of an Assassin."

power Stalin and Trotsky had waged in the Kremlin.

And now Stalin could rest, for his mighty antagonist was dead, slain at his bidding by this strange young man whose identity was a mystery for so many months after the crime.

Here, in flesh and blood, was the smiling assassin, the imperturbable Stalinist agent in real life. He had done his master's bidding, and powerful influences were clearly at work in those days to protect him in Mexico and to make his incarceration as painless as possible. His life was spared, and now he goes into the world again before long, finally free to enjoy in some remote and secret place the reward that undoubtedly awaits him for his "well-done" deed of dark totalitarian evil. The event was like "great stones falling in the sea," as Trotsky said so unforgettably on the occasion of Lenin's death. There was no one in Soviet Russia to pronounce so noble a eulogy for Lenin's closest collaborator. The world had changed, and so had Russia.

—William D. Patterson.

The Fizzling Fame

*"**Here Today . . .**," by Louise Tanner (Crowell. 311 pp. $4.50), consists of a baker's dozen sketches of modern Americans who achieved fame of one sort or another at precariously early ages. Our reviewer, Sydney J. Harris, is the syndicated columnist for The Chicago Daily News and General Features. Two collections of his essays have been published under the titles "Strictly Personal" and "Majority of One."*

By Sydney J. Harris

LOUISE TANNER, who is identified on the dust-jacket only as "the wife of the author of 'Auntie Mame,' is considerably more than the wife of an author; she is, in her own right, a diligent researcher, a careful reporter, and a writer of some sprightliness and discernment.

In "Here Today . . ." she offers us a series of portraits spanning the generation from "This Side of Paradise" to the other side of the moon. The odd fish in her extremely wide net include F. Scott Fitzgerald, Shirley Temple, Charles Lindbergh, Barbara Hutton, Whittaker Chambers, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and James Dean.

What these disparate characters vaguely have in common is early fame, and its customary consequences. But apart from the fact that all were Americans who flourished and fizzled in the first half of the twentieth century, I fail to see much point in stringing them on the same pole—except personal interest on the part of the author.

This is a valid enough reason, in a literary way; after all, Lytton Strachey's "Eminent Victorians" had little inner unity except the essayist's consistent wit and malice. But modern book publishers generally insist that authors must have a Theme, a Structure, a Social Framework—or what is known in less airy circles as a Sales Gimmick.

Mrs. Tanner has striven laboriously to give her loose and pleasant collection of sketches the portentous tone and lapidary substance of "social history," but the edifice will not hold up when Shirley Temple is plastered back-to-back with William Buckley, or when a forgotten debutante is nailed next to a Scottsboro Boy.

What really binds her subjects together is not their precocity, or their doomed eminence as "children of the moment," or anything else, but, rather, the author's affection or repugnance or simply her curiosity. This should have been stated unpretentiously in the preface, which instead reverberates with such plangent phrases as "archetypes" and "the collective unconscious," and the "Zeitgeist" of the Jazz Age.

Considered as a chatty, informed, and perceptive piece of reportage, as a well-lighted gallery of modern personalities, "Here Today . . ." makes diverting and often illuminating reading. Mrs. Tanner's values and judgments on her subjects are just and generous and intelligent. She tells us little that is new, but succeeds in placing old facts in a fresh perspective: the courage beneath the pathos and self-deception of Fitzgerald's last years; the paradoxical insularity of Lindbergh, the man who pre-shrank the twentieth-century globe; the Kafka-like catacombs of Chambers's many names and minds and lives.

But these individual insights do not (and perhaps cannot) combine to give us any meaningful mosaic of an era. The thirty years from "The Great Gatsby" to the great James Dean are still too close for us to discern the figure in the carpet; history is made in days, but it can scarcely be understood in decades, and it is pompously foolish to pretend otherwise.

The characters in this book are (with a few soggy exceptions) either piquant or amusing or wistful, and often an engaging combination of all three; but whether they are Significant for Our Time is an open matter that I wish Mrs. Tanner had not tried to answer with such labored affirmation. If she had striven less for meaning, in the grand social sense, and had modestly been satisfied with crisp personal portraiture, "Here Today . . ." would not be quite so likely to be gone tomorrow.

Louise Tanner—More than Mame.

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Across an Intellectual Channel

"The Correspondence of André Gide and Edmund Gosse," edited by Linette F. Brugmans *(New York University Press. 220 pp. $4.50), and* ***"Pretexts: Reflections on Literature and Morality," by André Gide; edited by Justin O'Brien*** *(Meridian. 352 pp. $5), document in letters and essays the French writer's unending quest for intellectual honesty. Peter Quennell is a biographer and British literary critic, whose books include studies of Byron, Ruskin, and Baudelaire.*

By Peter Quennell

IT IS DIFFICULT to imagine two European men of letters less likely to reach a friendly understanding than Edmund Gosse and André Gide—Gosse, an excellent specimen of the late-Victorian literary pontiff, dignified, circumspect, and self-assured, with perhaps a touch of feline ferocity hidden just beneath the surface; Gide, the moral iconoclast, a man of deep feelings and unruly passions, determined, whatever the cost, to put his private life on public record. But a friendship did, in fact, spring up, which lasted for nearly twenty-five years; and during that time about a hundred letters went to and fro across the English Channel. They have now been published and edited —and very curious is the story they tell.

Gosse's earliest letter to Gide was written in the summer of 1904, but he would seem first to have been strongly attracted towards the controversial French novelist when, in 1909, he read "La Porte étroite," which he felt that he recognized as an "an artistically superior counterpart of a major document of his own, published two years before"—"Father and Son," his memorable account of the intensely Puritan household in which he had been born and reared.

He, too, had experienced and had revolted against "the insidious perfidy of puritanism." And then, besides admiring the content of the book, he appreciated the translucent purity of its style. At that moment still a prophet who had gained little honor in his native country, Gide was pleased and

—*Paris-Match.*

Gide—Deep feelings, unruly passions.

encouraged by the acclamations of a foreign critic; and, then, he had an affection for the English world which he owed to his wife's and his mother's influence. The relationship that developed, however, even at this stage was always somewhat guarded. When he visited London in 1913, Gide shared the Gosses' Christmas dinner, another guest on that occasion being Edmund Gosse's old friend Henry James. But their personal intimacy, such as it was, had been built upon rather shaky foundations: each was an exceedingly sensitive, not to say a suspicious and irritable man; and an unfortunate episode occurred during the autumn of 1916, while Gosse, never averse to playing an official role, was visiting France at the invitation of the French Government.

"By way of grooming himself for the next day's meeting with the Premier," Gosse decided that he must speak in French; and one of the complimentary phrases he uttered evidently produced the wrong result, for Gide kissed him on both cheeks, at which the undemonstrative Englishman visibly winced, causing his impulsive friend much personal embarrassment and social anxiety.

Far more serious was their later misunderstanding over the publication of Gide's unfinished autobiography, "Si le Grain ne meurt." For the last twenty years, Gosse had known, or suspected, that the author of "L'Immoraliste" was a homosevual, but the Briton did not enjoy having this unpalatable notion so boldly and forcefully rammed down his throat.

In face of Gide's impenitent narrative (he confessed on January 7th, 1927) "I cannot help asking myself . . . Was it wise? Was it necessary? Is it useful? I am incapable of answering these questions, which leaves me in a very painful perplexity." Gide's straightforward reply shows him, I think, at his best and bravest: *"Cher ami, j'ai le mensonge en horreur . . . J'ai écrit ce livre parce que je préfère être hai, qu'aimé pour ce que je suis pas."* And he goes on to quote a significant sentence from the works of Montaigne: *"Je reviendrais volontiers de l'autre monde, pour démentir celui qui me formerait autre que je n'étais, fût-ce pour m'honorer."* Except in "Father and Son," Gosse had never attempted to draw a completely candid self-portrait. He cultivated the truth—but the truth with reservations. It was his passionate desire to impart the whole truth that had contributed to make André Gide, if not perhaps an authentic man of genius, at least a man of near-genius.

His achievement, of course, was multiform. In addition to his novels, his autobiographical books, his works of travel, and his prose-poems, he produced a mass of critical essays, of which a selection—gathered from "Prétextes," "Nouveaux Prétextes," "Divers," and "Incidences"—have now been edited and introduced by Professor Justin O'Brien.

Although some essays in "Pretexts: Reflections on Literature and Morality" are more rewarding than others (the study of Baudelaire, for example, is largely directed against the critical pretensions of a defunct detractor, Emile Faguet), their cumulative effect is to increase our understanding of Gide's remarkable gifts and extraordinary character. Particularly brilliant are his sketches of Oscar Wilde, the mercurial prophet of pleasure who made so deep an impression on the young Puritan. Apart from introducing Gide to English literature, Edmund Gosse had little or nothing to teach him. It was Wilde, a second-rate artist, who, by undermining his inherited prejudices, launched him on his voyage of self-discovery.

TRAIL UNWINDING: Not counting those volumes dealing with the purely pictorial aspects of the movement, a scant half-dozen studies on Surrealism have appeared in English since 1935. Any new contribution such as Anna Bala-

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kian's **"Surrealism: The Road to the Absolute"** (Noonday, $4.50; paper, $1.45) is therefore especially welcome.

After emphasizing the differences separating Surrealists from the nineteenth-century Symbolists, Miss Balakian briefly discusses four of their immediate predecessors: Lautréamont, Saint-Pol-Roux, Apollinaire, and Reverdy; these she calls "signal lights." The central portion of the book is an examination of the Surrealist "road"—paved with Freud and Hegel—and its landscape of images and objects supplied by the group's poets (Breton, Char, Eluard, Tzara, Leiris, Péret) and painters (Picasso, Duchamp, Ernst, Chirico, Brauner, Dali, Man Ray, Magritte, Miró, Tanguy).

The chapter on Image is liberally supplied with quotations, including, in most cases, both French and English text; but there are no illustrations to the one on Object, and thus its intelligibility is considerably reduced. The final part, "the bend in the road," describes the paths followed by Aragon and Eluard after they parted with Surrealism, and outlines the position assumed by Breton after the Second World War.

Subjective and personal in her presentation, Miss Balakian takes a pragmatic view of Surrealism: while she naturally accepts Breton as its major spokesman, she is not concerned with his many excommunications of fellow poets and artists. Surrealism is seen as a given attitude in the face of reality, and all those who shared in that attitude belong to the fold.

THE MOST interesting aspect of the author's analysis lies in her attempt to link the Surrealist explosion with the revolution in science in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries—Lautréamont with Darwin's discoveries, Breton with contemporary scientific skepticism toward rigid causal laws. She is thus led to present Surrealism as a dynamic, forward-looking answer to the negative philosophies of the present day.

Surrealism has never been known to stifle controversy; individual readers of this book will inevitably find themselves in disagreement with some of the author's positions. I, for one, am tempted, here and there, to quarrel with her translation of a poetic line, and to doubt that Aragon ever experienced metaphysical anguish; I would also question her dismissal of Greek myths as irrelevant to our times. Detailed discussion of these and other points, however, would not be in the spirit of what is obviously, and rewardingly so, a labor of love.

—Leon S. Roudiez.

ESPIONAGE

The Second Oldest Profession

By Maurice Edelman

ESPIONAGE is the second oldest profession. From the men sent to spy out the land in Numbers to the present-day agents, they have been carrying on their dangerous trade for love or money, despised or praised according to one's perspective, no sooner used than forgotten, their very names pseudonymous unless they are hanged or write their memoirs for *Life* or *The Saturday Evening Post*.

A spy lives in a double danger. The lie is his chief weapon, and so, rightly or wrongly, he is suspect to friend and foe alike. Every intelligence agent has another agent just behind him. And if, as in the case of Peter Deriabin, author of **"The Secret World"** (Doubleday, $4.50), and Nikolai Khokhlov, who wrote **"In the Name of Conscience"** (McKay, $4.50), he defects from the potential enemy, we must immediately satisfy ourselves that the flight was genuine and not some complicated maneuver inspired by the Soviet KGB to confuse the West. Then again, once certain that the escape is genuine, we must decide for ourselves whether the escape had genuine ideological grounds, or was, primarily, a running-away from some personal problem.

I say "we must decide for ourselves" since the very nature of espionage makes it impossible to achieve any objective certainty about the spy's claims. Mr. Khokhlov's story is now well known. The publisher's blurb describes how he was recruited for Soviet Intelligence as a student; in the text, however, he seems to have been invited to become a spy because of his talents as an "artistic whistler," which made him *persona grata* to the troops during the war. His first big task was to cross the Nazi lines in German uniform and take part in the assassination of Kube, the Butcher of Byelorussia. This, says Mr. Khokhlov, he did although others claimed the credit. His second major assignment was to murder a Russian leader of the anti-Soviet NTS in West Germany. Under the impulse of his wife, a woman of deep religious conviction, and his own experiences among anti-Communist Rumanians, Captain Khokhlov, as he then was, informed his intended victim of the KGB's purport and thus saved him. Since his defection to the West, Khokhlov believes that he was the subject himself of a murder attempt by radioactive thallium administered by Soviet agents.

Mr. Deriabin's narrative is in many respects parallel with Mr. Khokhlov's,

—*From "The Cat and the Mice."*

John Eppler with Leonard Mosley, today — "Familiar ingredients of a hundred similar stories."

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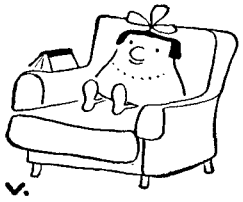
although he gives a far more detailed analysis of the apparatus of state security. While Mr. Khokhlov has tried to reconstruct his past with verbatim reports of conversation in the style of a *vie romancé*, Mr. Deriabin and his collaborator, Frank Gibney, go in for straight narrative. Mr. Deriabin, an officer of the Kremlin Guard, then a part of the NKVD, fled to the West in 1954. He recalls, to dismiss it with contempt, the Moscow Radio charge on March 10, 1959, which quoted a report in *Stars and Stripes* of February 23, 1954, that he had fled from Vienna following a "drinking bout at a night club" and that after he had left his job as a rank-and-file employee of a big industrial trust, large sums of money were found to have "disappeared." Inevitably, of course, the defector must be smeared.



At the same time, it is naïve to imagine that a simple term like "conscience" can supply the complex answer to the question of why any one man goes over to the enemy.

What is quite certain is that every great power maintains an elaborate Intelligence system in peace as in war, and that only occasionally through the eyes of a genuine deserter do we get a glimpse of the submarine world where the bigger part of the KGB, successor to the MVD, is hidden. The peculiar aspect of law in the Soviet Union is that it is regarded as an instrument of the state and not as an absolute principle by which states as well as men should be governed. Thus, Mr. Deriabin points out, the Russian State Security—"the fiery sword of the Soviet people" as Felix Dzerzhinsky, its founder, described it—is both a judiciary and an executive. It apprehends, condemns, and punishes. Unlike any other intelligence system except perhaps the Gestapo, it is omnipresent in Soviet life.

Mr. Deriabin, has appended a case history showing how the KGB works when a suspect is brought to its attention. Although this particular case is fictitious and has a certain similarity with a case in Dudintsev's "Not by Bread Alone," it has a remarkable authenticity in its description of procedure. Informed on, inquired after, hunted down, and at last sent away, every subject of a KGB file must inevitably feel something of the horror of Donne's Curse, "May he dream treason and believe that he meant to perform it,/ And confess and die . . . / And no record tell why."

"The Secret World" does not tell us as much about its author or his purposes as does Mr. Khokhlov's book. But it is a much more profound and erudite study of the system. I am left with the feeling that its author's experience has been supplemented by the research of Mr. Gibney, and is none the worse for it. Perhaps a bibliography would have completed this most useful study of Soviet Intelligence.

By contrast with Communist espionage, the Nazis were only beginners. Leonard Mosley's rather lightweight **"The Cat and the Mice"** (Harper, $3.50) about a German war spy called Eppler has the familiar ingredients of a hundred similar stories, and although the author makes remarkable claims for his subject's talents, he hardly illustrates them. The activities of Mr. Eppler, now living in Luxembourg, seem to have been as squalid as the sleazy Egyptian décor within which he operated.

For those who are inspired by gallant tales of espionage to consider it as a profession, Mr. Deriabin and Mr. Khokhlov are somber warnings. There is nothing as soul-corrupting and confusing to the spirit as a life based on a lie. Unless it be double-lie.

How refreshing, then, to turn from the banks of the Nile to the banks of the Potomac. In **"Turncoats, Traitors and Heroes"** (Lippincott, $6.50), John Bakeless has written a rumbustious and erudite account of a multitude of American and British spies during the War of Independence. Ann Bates, the Tory agent who spied at Washington's headquarters for Sir Henry Clinton and who took time as she fled for her life to count American artillery; Lydia Darragy, the Quaker housewife who spied for Washington himself, and Sergeant Major John Champe, who posed as a deserter from the rebel army in order to kidnap Benedict Arnold—they follow each other in a cheerful, uncomplicated sequence. Even the motives of a Benedict Arnold seem simple compared with the dark complexities of the modern spy. If there is a puzzle for the layman who stumbles into this Aladdin's Cave of espionage, it is that there seem to have been so many spies on both sides that one can't see the troops for the spies. The answer is probably that in the age of gentlemanly warfare when the battle was chiefly for soldiers, there was a constant and tolerated traffic of civilians between the lines, although if a spy was caught, he was unceremoniously hanged in order to discourage the others. As an exciting record of spying in wartime I warmly recommend Mr. Bakeless's book.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

BALLET COLLABORATIONS

Some of the finest ballet scores have been arranged from music never intended for the dance. Here are twelve such combinations, together with their dual creators. Robb McKenzie of Newark, New Jersey, asks you to identify these. Answers on page 40.

1. "Le Beau Danube"	( ) Bach-Walton
2. "Bluebeard"	( ) Boyce-Lambert
3. "La Boutique Fantasque"	( ) Debussy-Black
4. "Cakewalk"	( ) Gottschalk-Kay
5. "Gaîté Parisienne"	( ) Meyerbeer-Lambert
6. "The Good-Humored Ladies"	( ) Offenbach-Dorati
7. "Les Patineurs"	( ) Offenbach-Rosenthal
8. "Pineapple Poll"	( ) Rossini-Respighi
9. "The Prospect Before Us"	( ) Scarlatti-Tommasini
10. "Stars and Stripes"	( ) Sousa-Kay
11. "The Still Point"	( ) Strauss-Desormière
12. "The Wise Virgins"	( ) Sullivan-Mackerras

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Books in News

Continued from page 17

be surmounted by the will, persistence and energy of man."

Such optimism is particularly questionable because the study takes little account of Soviet policies. Allen Dulles has recently warned that "the leaders of World Communism are alert to the opportunity which this great transformation provides them. They realize the future of Communism can be insured only by expansion and that the best hope of this expansion lies in Asia and Africa." Of this Panikkar makes no mention, yet Soviet penetration is one of the facts of life that cannot be written off. Russia and China will not stand on the sidelines waiting for the Afro-Asian states to buttress their independence before beginning the Communist attack.

Perhaps one reason for this curious blindness is Panikkar's preoccupation with the foreign domination of the past (*i.e.*, Western "colonialism") as the root of most of the problems of independence. The brilliant and objective analy-

sis with which he handles other problems is weak here. Of course, no one denies that foreign domination has been a major factor in setting the stage for the problems of independence. But to illustrate this by blaming the British Government for proposing a literacy program that would only "have made India fully literate after forty years" and then admitting on a later page that (after ten years of independence) the country is *still* only 25 per cent literate, is scarcely convincing or perceptive.

What is needed now is less attack on the colonial past and more vision for the future. The West cannot be indifferent to the fate of Afro-Asian countries as they struggle with their problems—for these involve our fate too. Our task is to discover means for assisting new states to develop "in the direction of" democracy and modernity consonant with their newly won independence and sensitive human dignity. While Sardar Panikkar excludes this from his study, he has written a valuable introduction to the nature of the problem that ought to be widely read.

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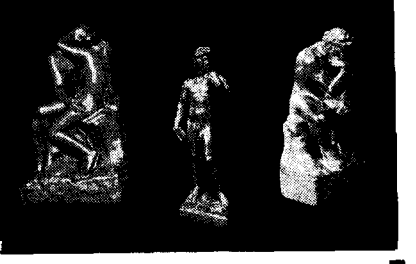

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Art True to the Words

—From "Company's Coming for Dinner."

By BETTY MILES, *associate, Publications Department, Bank Street College of Education and author of juvenile books.*

THE SIGHT of a child vehemently absorbed in a book is likely to make an adult nostalgic—partly for remembered phrases, rhymes, characters from his own early books, partly for the form of those books themselves: their size and shape, the line of their pictures, the very curve of their serifs. Small cues revive a forgotten image: the child laughs out suddenly, "Listen to this—'A herrible Hoffalump! A Hellible Horralump!'" The words are the words of Milne, but the image is forever Shepard's. In the back of our heads we see old Pooh stuck in his HUNNY jar, while Piglet, tiny as life, peers out anxiously from behind cross-hatched grasses.

Pictures in today's juveniles—from those for very young children through those for teen-agers—seem to become more handsome with each season. If they are not always more apt, it may be that the very possibility of illustrative splendor distracts some artists from being true to the words. A theme, a mood, a story have been created by the author; it is up to the artist to enhance and illuminate them.

Special problems face the illustrator of books for the youngest children in which word and design reinforce each other to form an individual whole. Very little is known about children's visual perception. Paradoxically, they appear to accept the abstract at face value—no *child* says of a modern painting, "I could do better than that"—and at the same time to make strong literal demands of more realistic art. An adult can project the idea Mother onto the picture of an arm holding out a coat, but the young child may ask, "Where is the mother's head?" We cannot predict with certainty what a child will take from a picture, but we know to the pre-reader the visual statement is as important as the words. If this statement is frightening, if it is confusing, a child may reject the book. To achieve clarity, a picture-book artist will fit the pace of his pictures to that of the words; he will limit his distortions and elisions to those a child can understand; he will not contradict, in color or in image, the author's statement; he will add detail without distracting from the thread of the words. Most of all, he will tell a story, through visual images, so precisely that the young child can "read" the book again and again from the pictures alone.

Besides Mrs. Miles, other reviewers for this issue (all members of the faculty of Bank Street College) are Irma Simonton Black, Joan Winsor Blos, and Ruth A. Sonneborn of the Publications Department, as well as Claudia Lewis, of the research staff who is a teacher of language arts.

One of the most striking juveniles to appear recently is **"What Happens Next?"** by Beatrice Schenk de Regniers (Macmillan, $2.75). Remo Farruggio has used orange and pink, blue and green blocks of color and fine black line to illustrate the story of Michael, who wants to be a hero and have adventures. The fun of the tale lies in the dry juxtaposition of a very real boy and wildly pretend situations ("Michael reaches into his knapsack for his button-on wings and he buttons them on and flies right out of that tree . . ."). One feels the need for pictures of a matter-of-fact hero accosting a dream world. But Mr. Farruggio's Michael is so stylized, so very pretend from the start, that the story's point seems subtly undermined. The book is visually exciting, but it is not a whole.

In **"Company's Coming for Dinner,"** by Myra Berry Brown, illustrated by Dorothy Marino (Franklin Watts, $2.50), the pictures are neither stunning nor startling, but they are as pleasant and childlike as the text. The book is the gentle story of a small boy helping his mother prepare for guests. When he is pictured putting away the guests' coats ("one had white fur on it") we *feel* the springy softness under his cheek.

This is not a plea for gentle books rather than vivid ones. A strong text demands strong pictures; a humorous story should be illustrated with zest; the zany world of Dr. Seuss demands wild drawings, though one might wish them less grotesque. An artist need not lose his identity in book illustration, nor like Crockett Johnson, type-cast himself to a particular kind of story. Maurice Sendak, Leonard Weisgard, Barbara Cooney adapt to the shifting moods of different books while maintaining strongly individual styles.

Books for children from eight up are less complicated in layout and design than picture books; their form tends to be typographically straightforward, and their pictures illuminate the text instead of merging with it. But here, too, the artist's primary task is to create a mood, a visual setting, that is precisely right. (Who does not remember the jolt of finding a picture in which the princess is not at all as described?)

In **"The Magic Chalk,"** by Zinken Hopp (McKay, $2.75), Malvin Neset has used appropriately dashing yet tenuous line to illustrate the story of a stick-figure boy come to life. As a happy bonus, the hither-thither situations are set with typographical abandon: sentences circle pictures, phrases sprawl, letters increase and decrease in size across the page. Fun with type itself should be a particular pleasure for children sure of their words and

—From "The St. Lawrence."

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able to enjoy a little play with them.

Most books for older children look like those for adults. If we are lucky, the covers are inviting, the typography apt; if not, it is the words we bought the book for anyway. But this season an outstanding older juvenile demonstrates possibilities of valid book design. The text of **"The St. Lawrence,"** by William Toye, with illustrations by Leo Rampen (Walck, $4.50), is sharp and immediate. The artist has surrounded the words with a format symbolic of the river. Beginning after the endpapers, spilling over from page to page, flows a continuous line-drawn map of the St. Lawrence. On it goes, over the title page and the contents, swirling above credits and chapter headings, carrying us to Page One with an already formed sense of the sweep and the force of that river we are to learn about. The book's design embodies the river's mood. To present an appropriate visual statement of the sense, and the mood, of the text—this is the proper function of graphic art.

ROCCO CAME IN. *By John Beecroft. Pictures by Kurt Wiese. Dodd, Mead. Unpaged.* $3. Written charmingly in conversational style, this is a gentle tale about the search for Rocco, one of four cats belonging to a couple. His disappearance for a few days takes them rambling through the countryside. Then finally Rocco comes in! Ages 5-8.

PADDY THE PENGUIN. *Written and illustrated by Paul Galdone. Crowell. Unpaged.* $3. A slight, amusing story of how some penguins flew with the aid of a human friend and a helicopter. The foolish, merry ways of penguins are entertainingly described against an Antarctic background. Ages 5-8.

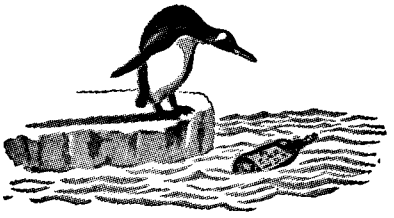
WILLIE SKIS. *By Jo Norling. Pictures by Ernest Norling. Holt. Unpaged.* $2.50. Willie, the new boy in the neighborhood, becomes the focus of attention and respect because he is the only child owning a pair of skis. His fear of the big hill is eventually overcome, and he lives up to the expectations of his new neighbors. Young listeners will share his anxiety and his triumph. Ages 5-8.

THE COWBOY ON THE RANCH. *By Louise Lee Floethe. Illustrated by Richard Floethe. Scribners. Unpaged.* $2.95. This book is a welcome relief from the television cowboy. Here is clear, accurate detail about the life and work of a real cowboy. The colorful pictures give a vivid sense of the wide pasturelands and mountains of the West. Ages 5-9.

LITTLE DOG LITTLE. *By Miriam Schlein. Illustrated by Hertha Depper. Abelard-Schuman.* 93 *pp.* $2.50. A miniscule dog (quite possibly the smallest hero since Stuart Little) is captured by a wild park rat, escapes, is befriended, and at last gets home. Meticulously scaled and deftly written, this is a fine tale for children already inured to ambush, evil, and nocturnal adventure. Ages 6-9.

THE CROOKED COLT. *Written and illustrated by C. W. Anderson. Macmillan. Unpaged.* $2. A success story about an initially small, weak colt who becomes the fastest runner on the farm. Though the theme is a familiar one, and the horse psychology is unnecessarily anthropomorphic, the book will undoubtedly be satisfying to young horse-lovers, as will the beautifully lifelike, evocative pictures characteristic of this artist. Ages 6-9.

ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH. *By Marion Gill MacNeil. Illustrated by Robert P. MacNeil. Walck.* 72 *pp.* $2.75. "Our earth is truly a child of the sun." So the author begins a fascinating account of the origin of the earth and the development of life on it. In clear, precise, and imaginative prose she describes the millions of years and the many living things which preceded man. Ages 8-12.



—From "Paddy the Penguin."

THE SECRET OF THE UNICORN. RED RACKHAM'S TREASURE. *By Hergé. Translated by Danielle Gorlin. Golden Press.* 62 *pp.* $1.95. Two of a series, The Adventures of Tintin, these picture-story books from Europe about an ingenious teenager and his gallery of friends and enemies demonstrate that the comic-strip technique can lend itself to entertainment on a high level. Created by the Belgian artist Hergé, the pictures are clear and bright, the characterizations imaginative, and the stories full of sophisticated melodrama, wit, and suspense. Ages 8 up.

THE TIGER'S WHISKERS AND OTHER TALES FROM ASIA AND THE PACIFIC. *Gathered by Harold Courlander. Illustrated by Enrico Arno. Harcourt, Brace.* 152 *pp.* $3.25. These delightful Oriental stories are folk tales and legends in the classic tradition, each one with an economically told plot. Some are humorous, some wise, some point to a moral, but all have the flavor of the country of their origin, which gives the collection color and variety. Ages 8-12.

THE CHEERFUL HEART. *By Elizabeth Janet Gray. Illustrated by Kazue Mizumura. Viking.* 187 *pp.* $3. In direct, sympathetic but never sentimental prose Miss Gray describes a Japanese family in the postwar years. The similarities between Tomi's special, war-shattered life and the lives of twelve-year-old girls everywhere are implicit, never preached. It is a measure of this book's impact that it forces the adult reader to think for himself about the meaning of guilt in today's world. This is an important title. Ages 9-12.

PRISMS AND LENSES. *By Jerome S. Meyer. Illustrated by John Polgreen. World.* 64 *pp.* $2.50. A lucid exposition in text and pictures of the theories and facts about prisms, lenses, and light itself. The author also presents Einstein's contribution to the concept of what light is and some fascinating examples of refraction and dispersion of light which a child can test for himself. Ages 9-14.

THE STORYBOOK OF SCIENCE. *By Earl Schenck Miers. Illustrated by Jeanne Bendick. Rand McNally.* 159 *pp.* $2.95. In his determination to live up to the story part of his title, the author develops such dialogue as:

> " 'So it's the atom that makes it all work,' Bill said in a rush. 'And we can build dynamos'—
> " 'Stop right there,' Father cut in. 'Do you remember what I told you about. . . . Pliny the Younger.'
> " 'Wasn't it that he understood that a lodestone, or magnet, would attract metals?' Bill asked."

Take the device or leave it. The book has accuracy, scope, and an awful lot of science. Ages 10-14.

DAVID AND THE MOUNTAIN. *Written and illustrated by Christine Price. Longmans, Green.* 35 *pp.* $2.75. There is humor, warmth, and authenticity in this tale of a Welsh boy and his adventures on the mountain, as well as interesting detail on the work of men and dogs in the gathering and shearing of sheep. Ages 10-14.

THE TORCH BEARER. *By Estelle Webb Thomas. Illustrated by Sam Savitt. Franklin Watts.* 184 *pp.* $2.95. A genuinely moving story of a Navajo girl through whose eyes the reader begins to understand the difficult transition from old tribal ways to modern ones. Yet the old ways are presented with their intrinsic beauty, as when the heroine sings a song for her dead grandfather: "There is silence,/ There is emptiness,/ You have gone your way alone;/ Go in beauty,/ Go in peace." Ages 11 up.

ISAAC NEWTON: Pioneer of Space Mathematics. *By Beulah Tannenbaum and Myra Stillman. Illustrated by Gustav Schrotter. Whittlesey House.* 126 *pp.* $3. This excellently written book is good biography and good science. Newton's work on fluxions (calculus), astronomy, gravity, and optics is clearly and interestingly presented. Ages 11 up.

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Criminal Record

THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER. *By Philip McDonald. Crime Club.* $3.50. Sixty-seven die over five-year period as Scotland Yard and Anthony Gethryn wonder why—and when they learn, they get their man. A lollapaloosa.

A SORT OF MADNESS. *By E. B. Ronald. Abelard-Schuman.* $2.95. British Eye Rupert Bradley journeys Parisward at behest of pal whom he discovers over-banistered in old UNESCO headquarters; American lady is similarly annihilated. Pleasant and placid despite heavy gunplay.

FIND EILEEN HARDIN. *By Andrew Frazer. Avon.* 35¢. Football coach's daughter vanishes; Duncan Pride, New York peeper, trails her through army of call girls, mainliners, and switchblade-wielders. Dialogue dominates.

MURDER IS SUGGESTED. *By Frances and Richard Lockridge. Lippincott.* $2.95. Psychology prof at Dyckman University (NYC) takes bullet in chest; Captain William Weigand investigates; Pam and Jerry North are interested parties; hypnosis a factor, also cats. Sure-footed as ever.

PLOT IT YOURSELF. *By Rex Stout. Viking.* $2.95. Mass plagiarism charges send New York publishers and authors (lions and lambs) to Nero Wolfe for help; triple-murder sequence also puts damper on belles-lettres. Usual pro performance, with Archie Goodwin never so flip.

MODEL FOR MURDER. *By Robert Kyle. Dell.* 25¢. There are proxies and doxies all over the place as Peeper Ben Gates finds high finance and murder are mixable; Cleveland-New York taxi trip featured. Lively.

SWING AWAY, CLIMBER. *By Glyn Carr. Washburn.* $2.95. Corpse dangling from precipice in Wales jolts mountaineering party; Yard and Sir Abercrombie Lewker, actor-manager and amateur peeper, team up and get answer. Beautiful landscape, authentic alpinism, pleasant writing and pace.

THE CAPTIVE. *By Norman Daniels. Avon.* 35¢. Yank lion-killer returns home from Africa to find self owner by devise of hotel chain which Syndicate is converting into sin-traps; copious drinking indulged ere evildoers are rounded up practically single-handed. Wild and womany.

CLASH OF SHADOWS. *By Howard Rigsby. Lippincott.* $3.50. Ex-bride, prisoner in New York apartment, schemes to get word to outside that innocent man faces chair for upstate murder; unpleasant characters abound. Bang-bang ending.

MEMOIRS OF AN ASSASSIN. *By Avner Yoseloff.* $3.95. Author (pseudonym), as member of Stern Gang, committed many murders in Palestine in 1940s, planned to slay British Foreign Minister Ernest Bevin in London (remember those letter-bombs?). Authentic chiller.

NEVER KILL A COP. *By Lee Costigan. Pocket.* 25¢. Lt. Johnny Cristo of Los Angeles area law, in jam when partner is blasted, squares self and nabs gunsel. Good detection, with ultra-loud climax.

THE GHOST SQUAD. *By John Gosling. Crime Club.* $3.50. Retired detective super, New Scotland Yard, describes work of special group, 1945-49, assigned to combat postwar crime wave (hijackers, coupon forgers, con men, jewelry and fur snatchers); informers play big part; author pulls no punches on failures. Excellent, with scores of fine case histories.

THE FIX. *By Jack Usher. Mill-Morrow.* $2.95. Ex-con quits Idaho carnival job to search for wayward daughter of old Federal pen pal who made good; trip to Mexico thrown in, also two kilos of heroin. Has good motion.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 12, 9, 11, 4, 7, 2, 5, 3, 6, 10, 1, 8.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 866

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 866 will be found in the next issue.

OPQR PA OPTR BODEPFL

D GPHOPF AHOH PF

BKMOPW DFN ORDXFPFL

CZR PFACXKSRFC DA

HFR LHRA HF.

—ADSKRO MKCORX.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 865

Reasoning with a child is fine, if you can reach the child's reason without destroying your own.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

Fine Arts

Continued from page 29

full responsibility for both selection and installation, the usual concessions have been avoided, giving the exhibition a sharp unity of direction. This show does not pretend to reflect the present as much as foretell the immediate future. It is less a cross section than a concentrated report on those new tendencies in art which Miss Miller finds at once "fresh, varied, and vigorous."

One is immediately aware of an insistence on bastard methods where emphasis centers on complicated mixed media. In fact, this seems to be the outstanding interest of many younger artists today. Robert Mallary, one of the sixteen exhibitors, in describing his own work speaks unintentionally for several of his colleagues when he says, "I am intrigued with that bastard area where the painted and sculptured object is uncertain of its parentage." Almost as if in revolt against the purity of constructivism and the rigors of Bauhaus discipline, these young artists break recent rules only to embrace paradoxically a delayed Dadaism, which in turn was responsible for the very movement against which they react. And thus the circle completes itself.

Plaster, composite stone, plastic emulsions, newspapers, and a variety of other materials appear at the Museum of Modern Art's show in works often resembling multicolored bas-reliefs where painting and sculpture perversely intermingle and overlap. If the dégagé accumulations of Robert Rauschenberg and the super-refined folklore of Jasper Johns seem on the precious and "arty" side, the work of Jack Youngerman and Ellsworth Kelley will come as a welcome and robust relief. Both these young painters have shown in recent years at the gallery of Betty Parsons, who was responsible for launching so many of America's most distinguished artists. Depending purely on oil paint and canvas, these men are involved with an orderly, cool tradition, adding a kind of American "smash" to the memory of Mondrian's immaculate severity. The bold, bright, explosive, and sure paintings of Youngerman and the tightly designed, tautly conceived canvases of Kelley are among the best works in the show, a show distinguished throughout by frequent overtones of dry wit as opposed to the more turgid rhetoric of the abstract expressionists. Stankiewicz, Rauschenberg, Mallary, Wally Hedrick, Jasper Johns, and often Ellsworth Kelley are all at their best when indulging in a casual wit typically American. —KATHARINE KUH.

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(Continued on page 42)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1348

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. The logic of discovery.

B. Terrestrial phenomenon essential to 20th-cent. transportation.

C. Person preoccupied with facts, scientific procedures, etc.

D. Pungent fleshy salad roots.

E. When to start making up the items of income tax reports (2 wds.).

F. Nephew of Montezuma II and last Aztec emperor (early 16th cent.).

G. Heaven's first law.

H. Three-pronged spear for catching marine creatures.

I. Confinement to a sickbed.

J. Heroine of Scott's "Lord of the Isles".

K. Synonym of Word Z.

L. One of the rarest and most valuable of Amer. fur bearers, of the Boreal zone.

M. Protestant.

N. Inherited again.

WORDS

75 202 83 124 181 189 137 164

113 93 155 95 146 42 176 130

3 159 144 193 30 161 86

69 179 142 148 135 92 127 59

91 97 151 112 15 46 25 72

53 163 172 183 11 178 74 184 190 134 89

88 117 98 136 62

33 110 152 102 60 28 141

196 143 128 81 201 114 52 16 19 96 5

35 126 1 21 167

54 125 17 165 6 188 180 140

157 63 37 27 191 105

18 90 150 156 100 182 122 198 199

133 175 109 99 76 22 168 31

DEFINITIONS

O. Castor and Pollux (2 wds.).

P. Usually first of a taxi driver's many remarks.

Q. Title of Leonard Bernstein's first very successful musical comedy (3 wds.).

R. Branch of biology dealing with individual cell, its characters and functions.

S. Name of Azazel after his fall, in Arabian mythology.

T. Child's common protest of dissatisfaction with a decision in a game (2 wds.).

U. Eldest son of Word S, author of fatal accidents.

V. An incidental diversion (2 wds.).

W. The webbing of the feet of aquatic birds.

X. German art songs.

Y. Italian birthplace of one of the most famous of saints (late 11th cent.).

Z. Synonym of Word K.

Z1. Lately come into vogue (comp.).

WORDS

26 115 13 57 8 70 80 192 64

47 10 43 147 65 38 132

177 79 108 121 51 9 116 187 20

67 23 138 49 174 185 82 166

41 173 118 58 103

195 68 48 85 197 14

73 56 50

94 7 32 71 2 40 154 169

123 194 153 4 29 44

162 160 129 119 101 84

111 66 77 78 131 106

24 171 120 139 55 200 36 107

45 34 39 12 170 186 158 87 104 149 61

145

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

	1 J	2 V	3 C	4 W	5 I	6 K		7 V	8 O		9 Q	10 P	11 F		12 Z1	13 O	14 T
15 E	16 I		17 K	18 M	19 I	20 Q	21 J	22 N	23 R		24 Z	25 E		26 O	27 L	28 H	
29 W	30 C	31 N	32 V	33 H	34 Z1		35 J	36 Z	37 L	38 P		39 Z1	40 V	41 S	42 B	43 P	
44 W		45 Z1	46 E	47 P		48 T	49 R	50 U	51 Q	52 I	53 F	54 K		55 Z	56 U	57 O	58 S
59 D	60 H	61 Z1	62 G		63 L	64 O		65 P	66 Y	67 R	68 T	69 D	70 O	71 V	72 E		73 U
74 F		75 A	76 N	77 Y		78 Y	79 Q	80 O	81 I	82 R	83 A	84 X	85 T	86 C	87 Z1	88 G	89 F
	90 M	91 E		92 D	93 B	94 V		95 B	96 I	97 E	98 G	99 N	100 M	101 X	102 H	103 S	104 Z1
105 L		106 Y	107 Z		108 Q	109 N	110 H		111 Y	112 E	113 B	114 I		115 O	116 Q	117 G	118 S
119 X		120 Z	121 Q	122 M		123 W	124 A	125 K	126 J	127 D	128 I	129 X	130 B	131 Y	132 P	133 N	
134 F	135 D		136 G	137 A	138 R	139 Z	140 K	141 H		142 D	143 I	144 C	145 Z1		146 B	147 P	
148 D	149 Z1		150 M	151 E	152 H	153 W		154 V	155 B		156 M	157 L		158 Z1	159 C		160 X
161 C		162 X	163 F	164 A	165 K	166 R		167 J	168 N		169 V	170 Z1	171 Z		172 F	173 S	174 R
175 N		176 B	177 Q		178 F	179 D	180 K	181 A		182 M	183 F		184 F	185 R		186 Z1	187 Q
188 K	189 A	190 F	191 L	192 O	193 C	194 W	195 T	196 I		197 T	198 M		199 M	200 Z	201 I	202 A	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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The passions that move men to create history

"One man and God can overturn the universe," John Brown said* — and marched on the federal arsenal at Harper's Ferry at the head of an avenging 'army' of five negroes and thirteen whites. Brown's crusade ended, within weeks, on the gallows — but the conflict he helped unleash raged for five bloody years and permanently changed the face of the nation.

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*Quoted in *THE CIVIL WAR: A Narrative;* see below.

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